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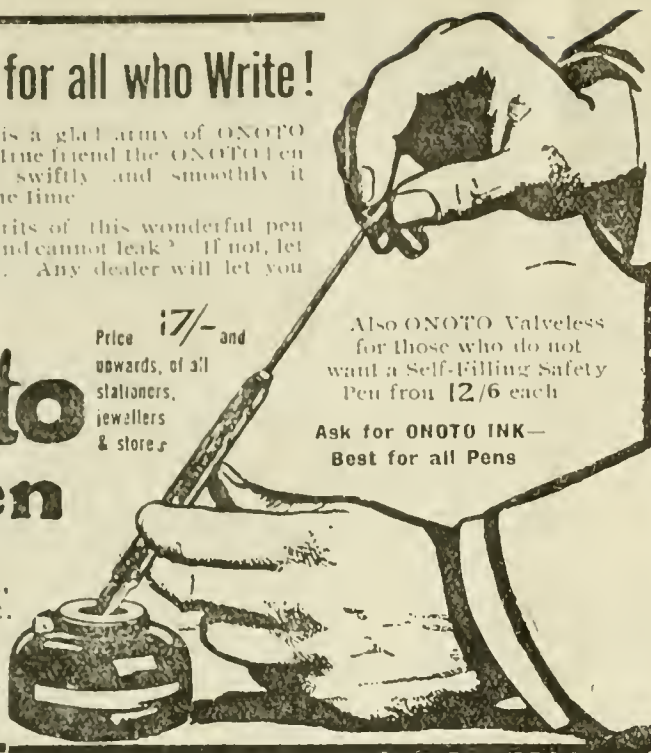
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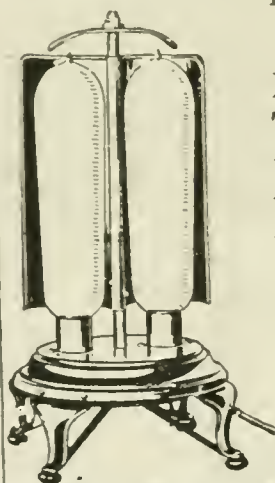


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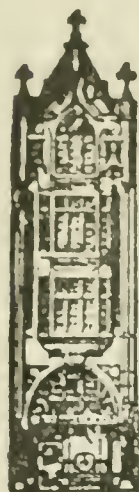
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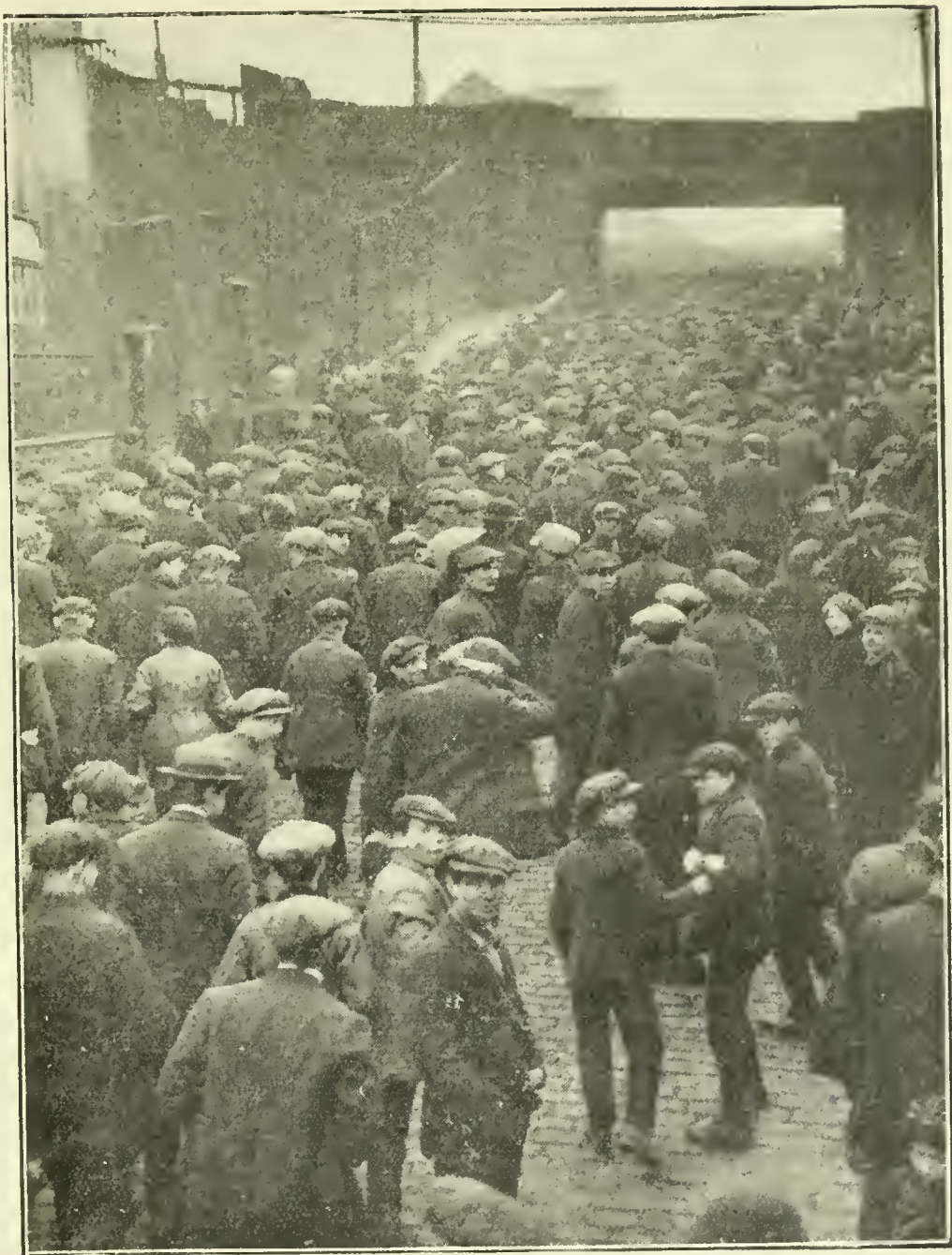
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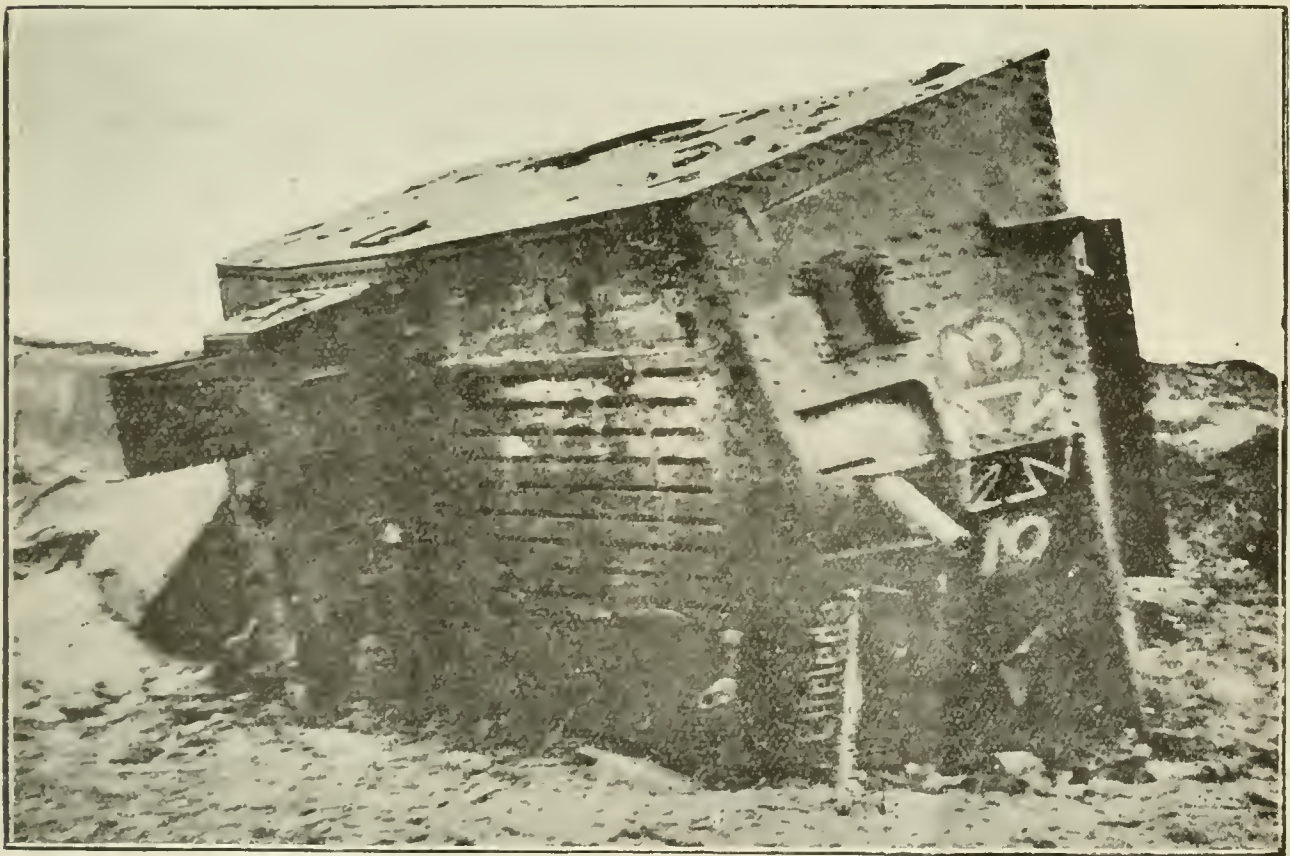
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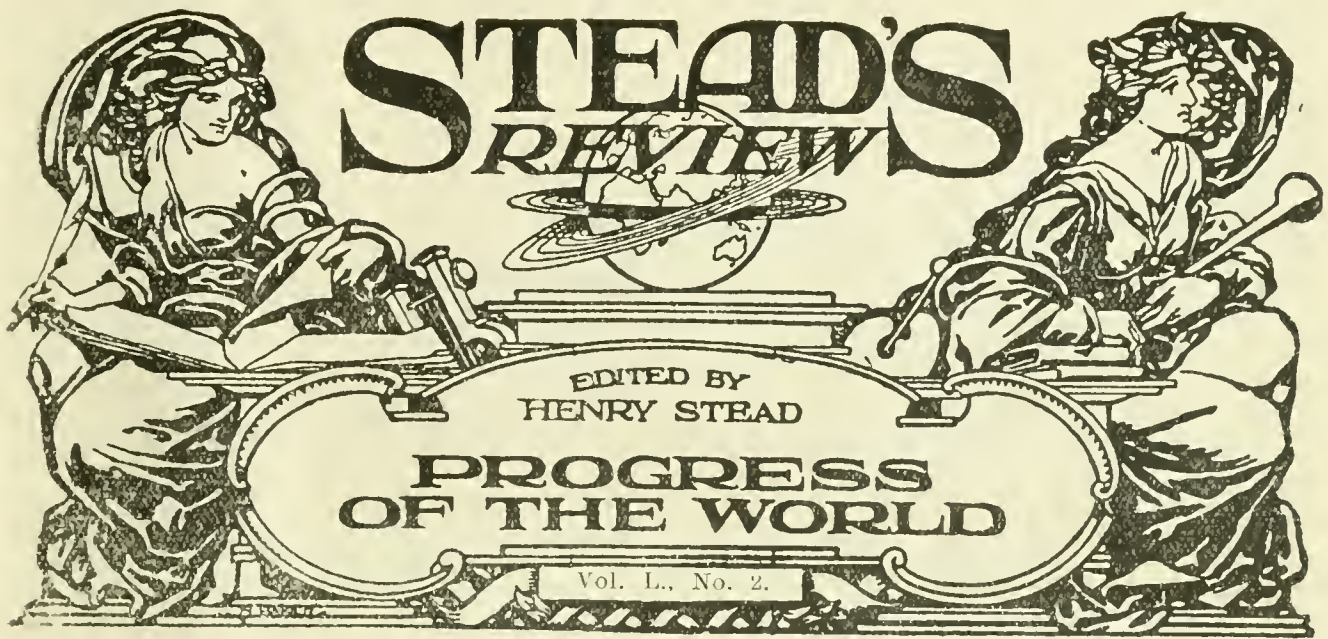
Ship-yard workers leaving one of the great yards on the Tyne.



Australian mounted troops in the main street of Es Salt, during the temporary occupation of the town by General Allenby's Expeditionary Force.



A German tank captured by the French. It is seen from the top side as it lies on the battlefield.



JULY 20, 1918.

The German Offensive Smashed.

Six days ago, on Monday, July 15th, the Germans launched their long-awaited offensive against the French lines east of Chateau Thierry, on the Marne. Everywhere the French, supported by the Americans, were fully prepared for the attack, and during the week, though they gave back here and there, they prevented the enemy from winning any serious advantage, and this morning comes the welcome news that General Foch had launched a formidable counter-attack against the German defensive about Soissons, and has won back territory, captured guns and prisoners in large numbers. This splendid news is followed by reports from General Pershing telling of successful advance north of Chateau Thierry, and of the recovery by the Americans of the south bank of the Marne, which the Germans had temporarily wrested from them on Tuesday. Cables tell, too, of French achievements east of Rheims, where the poilus have driven the Germans back almost to the positions they held a week ago. The great thing is that the Germans have struck furiously, and have failed to break through. At the moment, when the extent of their failure is realised, the French generalissimo counters with a crushing blow directed against their

key positions east of Paris, and achieves so great an initial success that we are justified in hoping the French will compel the enemy to evacuate the ground they won last May by their rush to the Marne, and force them once more to retire to the Aisne.

Allies Take the Initiative.

This magnificent demonstration of French heroism and efficiency is immensely cheering, and a further cause for rejoicing is that the new American army has at the same time shown the stern stuff of which it is made. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the enemy only appear to have used half as many troops for this offensive as they did for the last. Plenty of reserves remain to stiffen enemy resistance to French attack along the Aisne, to take immediate advantage of any opening which may yet be obtained west or east of Rheims. There are those who say that after all this was not really a major German offensive, but was a formidable attack designed to capture Rheims, and that it is unwise to regard its collapse as signifying that all danger from enemy attempts in France this year is now over. These folk, I think, are partly wrong and partly right. Arrangements for a great offensive had undoubtedly been made,

but whether all the men gathered together, all the guns massed, were used or not depended upon the success of the initial rush. In Picardy, on the Aisne, the Germans developed their offensives after successfully breaking through the British and French defences respectively. Had General Gough's army been able to withstand the shock the affair would presumably have ended there. Had the French defenders on the Aisne not fallen back wave on wave of enemy soldiery would not have rushed down to the Marne. The failure of the enemy to sweep away the French defences east of Rheims, the lack of success which attended the German efforts to carry the forest hills to the south prevented the development of the major offensive, for enemy high command has evidently decided that it is useless to continue "biting on granite," to send masses of soldiers forward against defences which have withstood the first mighty rush—as at Verdun—and instead of continuing the attempt to break through, abandons the offensive for the time being. But an arrest of the enemy drive about Rheims by no means denotes the final defeat of the Germans, or means that they will now abandon further attempts to smite

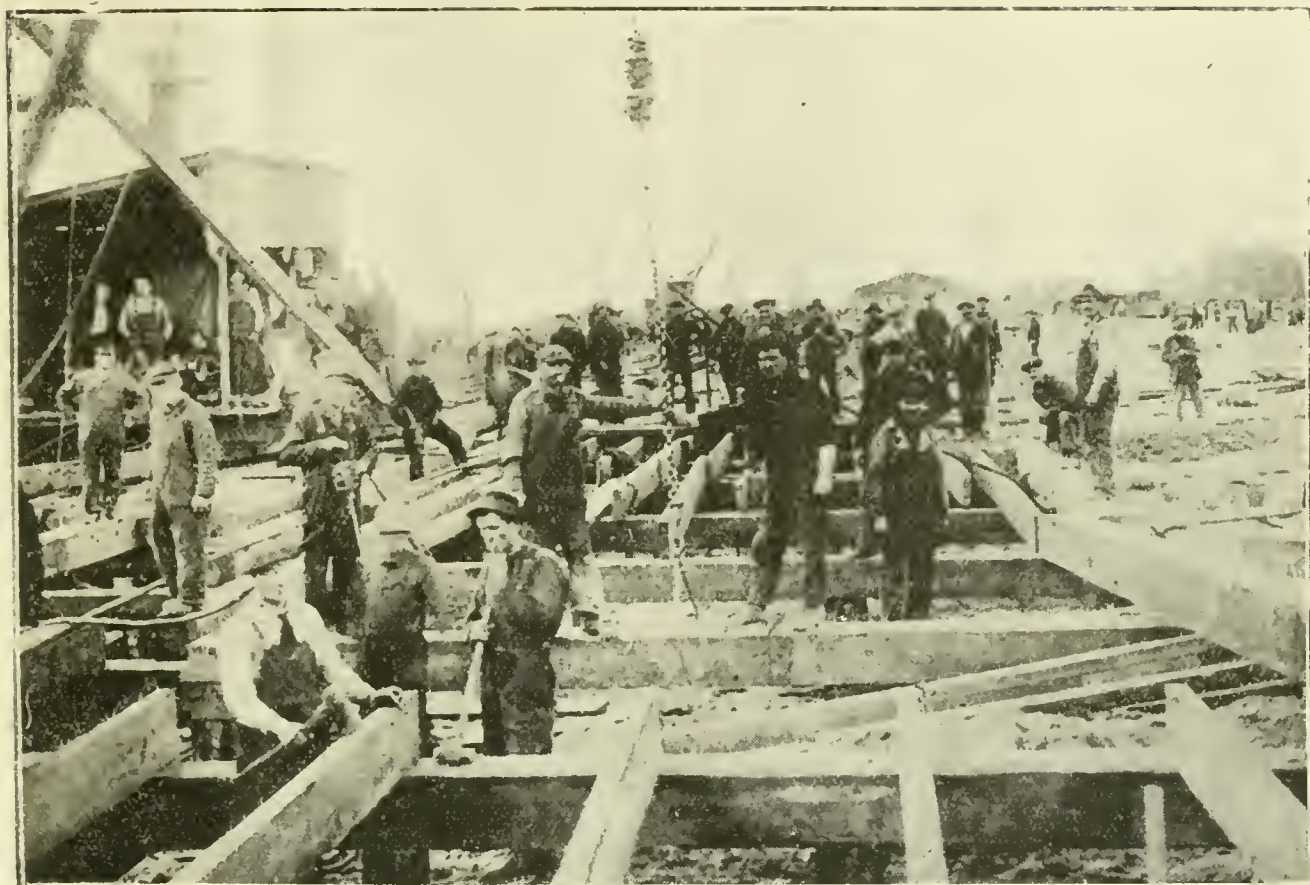
the Allied forces by terrific drives at selected points in France or Flanders. For the moment the initiative has passed to the French, but it is too much to hope that it will not shortly revert to the Germans again, nor is Rheims yet out of danger by a long way.

Splendid American Achievement.

Perhaps the finest thing in the whole splendid affair is the magnificent doings of the Americans. For over a year now we have been assured that Allied victory must wait on the Americans, that only when a mighty army from across the Atlantic took the field could we hope for success. Yet it was not for several months after the entry of the United States into the struggle that Allied leaders realised how greatly they required American reinforcements in France. President Wilson was told that the first thing required was ships, the second, ships, and then again ships. Later he was urged to provide soldiers as rapidly as possible, but even the most sanguine believer in American hustle felt that a great and efficient army could not join the French troops in battle until 1919 at earliest. It is, of course, true that the doughty Americans



Shell-shattered Rheims—enemy goal in the recent offensive.

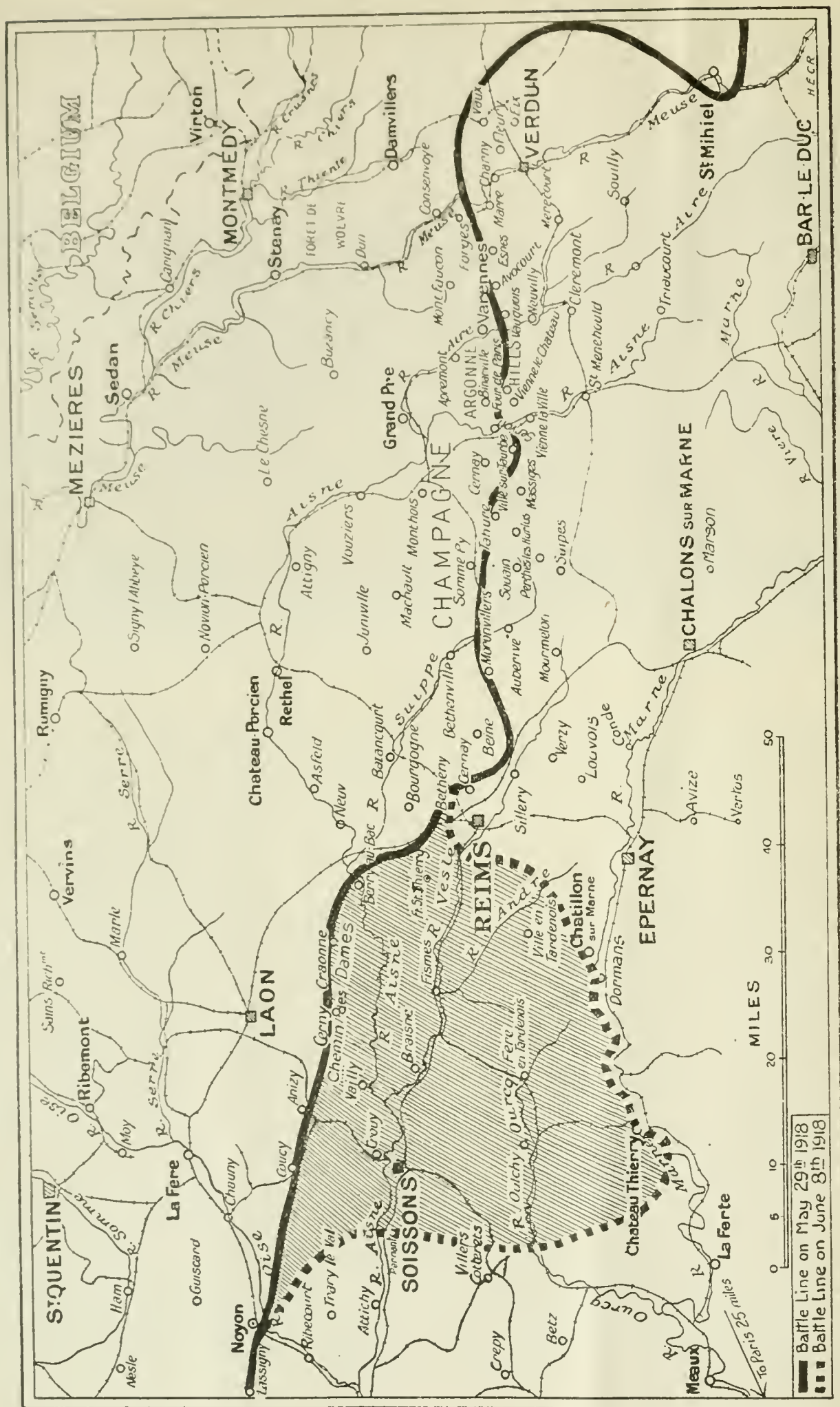


The Americans have had to greatly enlarge the southern French ports allotted to them as bases for their armies. The photograph shows an American construction company laying heavy timbers in another dock, which is 2½ miles long.

who are helping to throw the Germans back from the Marne are comparatively few in number. Probably less than 100,000 are actively fighting, with another 100,000 perhaps in support. But this small force has done magnificently, and in tallying its achievements with enthusiasm we realise that our American allies have given a taste of their quality, have demonstrated that there is indeed hope of final Allied victory with their assistance. When for a moment we reflect what would have been the position of the Allies to-day if America had remained neutral we will willingly agree to President Wilson taking a more and more dominant position in Allied councils. The extent of the American achievement is all the greater because not only has a great army had to be created, ships have had to be built to transport it—or to take the places of others so used—harbours and docks have had to be created in France, and hundreds of miles of railway lines have had to be laid. The task was only begun when the men were found; but that the right sort of men were obtained is now abundantly clear.

Verdun the Coal, Not Paris.

Although I have to write before any definite news of the extent of the French advance has reached Australia, and events of the next few days may entirely alter the whole situation before these lines appear, a brief account of the operations of the last six days may not be without interest. Writing on June 8th, I ventured to suggest that the object of the German drive to the Marne was not Paris, as everyone seemed to assume as a matter of course, but Verdun, and the capture of a great French army. Further, I indicated that, in my opinion, the next enemy offensive was likely to be directed against Epernay and Châlons, certainly not against Paris, though I anticipated rather the launching of a tremendous drive against the Amiens-Arras sector coming first. The events of the last week have shown that I was correct in the deductions I made, for, despite the natural anticipation of a drive at Paris, which caused the cables to give happenings which had apparently that object greater prominence, a careful perusal of the reports received here during the last six days demonstrates quite clearly that there was no question whatever of an offensive towards



the French capital. Tuesday's cables, it is true, told of a great enemy attack between Chateau Thierry and Lassigny, 50 miles north, directed straight at Paris, but later reports corrected this, and told of an enemy drive across the Marne, another towards Epernay along that river, and through the Forest of Rheims, and yet a third in the Champagne toward Suippes. Obviously none of these aimed at the capture of Paris. As I pointed out when writing of the Marne offensive, a few weeks ago, the Germans have invariably shown themselves more concerned to capture troops than towns, and the French army, rather than Paris, has ever been their objective. The present operations had, it seems to me, as minor object the surrounding and capture of the army holding the Rheims salient, and as major object the ultimate capture of all the troops in the Verdun sector.

The Enemy Plan.

The accompanying map shows the position as it was on June 8th. On July 15th and 16th the Germans crossed the Marne between Chateau Thierry and Dormans, driving back the Americans and securing villages and heights on the southern bank. This attack, in the light of subsequent events, may be regarded as a minor affair, designed to prevent the massing of troops against the enemy advance toward Epernay. Driving along the Marne east of Dormans the German troops took Mont Voisin and secured heights south of the river. A little further north they penetrated into the Forest of Rheims, but were held up by the French on the hills in the centre of the forest. East of Rheims the enemy took Prunay, on the Vesle River opposite Silery, and drove across the stream towards Verzy, but after an advance variously given as eight, five and four miles, were checked and ultimately driven back to their old lines north of Prunay. Simultaneously with the drive across the Vesle, the enemy launched an offensive between Auberive and Massiges towards Suippes. This, after driving in the French to a depth of four or five miles, was arrested, but whether the Germans were forced back to their old lines or remain in possession of the ground won is not clear yet. Anyhow, they failed to reach Suippes. The two principal movements of the enemy were the drives at Epernay and at Suippes. Had the former succeeded the French could no longer have gone on to Rheims, but would have had to

fall back on Chalons. If however, the Champagne drive had broken French resistance, the Germans might have been at Chalons before the army of Rheims could get there, and it would have run grave danger of being captured. If they secured Chalons the Germans would have cut the main rail and road communications with Verdun, and the whole position of the French army there would have been jeopardised. Fortunately, the French defenders proved too much for the Germans, whose failure to reach Epernay or capture Suippes leaves the Allies still in possession of Rheims, and the army of Verdun unthreatened. But quite obviously the object of the latest enemy offensive was not Paris.

Foch Launches a Counter Offensive.

There was not the slightest indication that the drive was directed at the capital. Von Ludendorff wished to further reduce French man power by sweeping up the troops defending Rheims, wished to compel the evacuation of Verdun or the rushing of reinforcements into that sector to prevent the surrounding of the army there. By this time the defences of Paris should be so perfect that a German offensive against the city would inevitably break down. Whether this is so or not the German leaders had evidently no intention of attempting its capture on this occasion. Having held the enemy everywhere General Foch launched an offensive against Soissons, and his ability so to do shows that he now has reserves sufficient for such an enterprise, which is indeed cheering news. The map shows the German advance up to June 8th, but on that very day the enemy launched a minor offensive between Lassigny and Villers Cotterets, with the object of pinching out the French salient and securing the heights west of Soissons, which dominate the town. This offensive met with stubborn resistance, but in the end the Germans secured their objective, and for the last month their front has run in a more or less straight line from Villers Cotterets to Lassigny through Attichy and Ribecourt. It is in this sector that Foch delivered his counter-attack, which at the moment of writing has swept the Germans out of all the territory they won in their minor offensive, and has compelled them to evacuate Soissons itself. This is a most notable achievement, and if the French can hold the place, may compel an enemy retirement from the Marne to the old Aisne front. In any case, this brilliant French feat must

give entire confidence as to the safety of Paris—as my readers know, I have never regarded it as being in imminent danger, its defences being too formidable for the Germans to overcome. If the enemy are forced to evacuate most of the territory won in the Marne drive, this must interfere with their planned offensives elsewhere, and demonstrates once again the truth of the axiom, that attack is the best defence.

Allies Intervene in Siberia.

The question of Allied intervention in Siberia has been agitating the chancellories of Europe, Japan and America for months. The strongest argument against intervention was the fear that the Allied troops would almost inevitably be drawn into a fight against the Bolsheviks with the result that the Russian Government, now in their hands, would be driven into the arms of Germany. It is evident too that the United States had grave doubts about the wisdom of entrusting this intervention to the one Allied Power which could carry it out effectively. Latest cables indicate that those fears have been set at rest, or at any rate, that the situation has reached a stage where the Allies feel that something must be done, for joint intervention by Japan and America has been decided upon. It is worth noting that Japan is not to act alone, although it seems obvious enough that, if intervention is to be serious, Japanese armies will bear the brunt of the work and the fighting. There seems to be considerable difference of opinion in Japan over the question, some leaders holding that the heavy cost in men and money involved is not justified by the results likely to be attained, others expressing themselves anxious to send a great army to Siberia at once. We may take it as fairly certain that Japan, which thus far has benefited enormously by the war, in which she has taken little part, will hardly agree to embark on a major campaign which may involve her in a costly and bloody struggle without making sure that she will get adequate reward for her sacrifices. Recent news from Tokio suggests that the Mikado's Government had made every provision necessary for a rapid mobilisation, and for thoroughly equipping a great army. Now that action has been decided on landing of troops at Vladivostock and other ports is likely to follow quickly.

What Will the Effect Be in Russia?

What effect this intervention will have in Siberia and, more important still, in Russia

proper it is impossible to say. From the way in which cables speak of the Czecho-Slovaks, we may assume that the Allies will support them and fight against those they are at present struggling with. That is to say, will range themselves definitely against the Bolsheviks. The complication of the situation is seen when we find that whilst the Czecho-Slovaks, whom we will support, are fighting against the Bolsheviks in Siberia, the monarchists and moderates in Russia are turning to Germany for help in their efforts to overthrow the Bolsheviks! Thus it comes about that the Allies and the Germans, at death grips in France, will both be fighting against the same party in Russia, and the moderates and anti-Bolshevik section will in Siberia be in alliance with the Allies, and in Russia in alliance with our bitterest foes, the Germans! It is possible that Russians generally will unite against the Japanese and Americans. On the other hand, it may be that, seeing in the advancing army of Nippon salvation for their country, all may unite to support it. That intervention is a grave risk everyone must see, and the hesitancy with which it has been decided on shows that this was fully apparent to Allied statesmen.

The Czecho-Slovaks.

Cables have told us much about the doings of Czecho-Slovaks, but always in general terms. There is certainly little likelihood that these fighters number anything like the quarter of a million sometimes mentioned; in fact, it would not be surprising if less than a tenth of that number were actually operating as an organised army. Now that Allied troops are to go to Siberia, the commissariat difficulties of the Czecho-Slovaks may be solved, but until the Japanese link up with them it must obviously be a serious problem for their commanders to feed them as, unlike every other fighting group, they are not based on their own country. This fact must prevent great numbers of them from acting together as a large permanent force, and until the Japanese come they are not likely to have much real influence on the situation. Presumably, for the first few months, at any rate, the Japanese will confine their activities to Manchuria and the far eastern parts of Siberia. They will have to make themselves secure there before they can possibly venture to march westwards. It would, of course, be out of the question for the Mikado to send a great

army over the railway to Russia until Siberia had been more or less pacified, and the danger of its being isolated by the cutting of communications behind it had been minimised. In October frosts begin to get severe in Siberia, and during the four or five following months the country is gripped by terrible winter, so that little beyond the pacification of the far eastern provinces need be expected before the spring of 1919; unless, of course, the majority of the parties in Siberia were to rally to the Allies, in which case a Japanese army could quickly be got to Russia. We can but hope that intervention will create union, not discord. By the way, those who talk of the Czecho-Slovaks dominating Siberia should look at a map and note where they are operating.

The Slavs in Austria.

Consideration of the doings of the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia naturally leads to an attempt to ascertain the position of those people in Austria. That there is a strong manifestation of national feeling amongst them in Bohemia and elsewhere is pretty clear, but what influence these folks really have, and how far those who protest have the people themselves behind them cannot be ascertained. Some time ago, at a conference in Corfu, a manifesto was issued calling for the establishment of a State of Jugoslavia under the Serbian dynasty, which should embrace Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia and Bosnia. But naturally those who attended the conference were all expatriated Jugo-Slavs, and the loyal Slavic element which still dwells in these lands, and, though strongly hostile to the Hungarians, is more or less sympathetic towards the German Austrians, promptly countered this manifesto by putting out a demand for the union of the southern Slav districts which together should become a third kingdom within the Empire on the same terms as Austria and Hungary. Now students of Balkan history express the very gravest doubts as to whether, in any circumstances, it would be possible to induce the Jugo-Slavs to agree to form part of a State in which Serbia would be the dominating power. They would infinitely prefer union amongst themselves with Serbia altogether left out. If that view be correct, then, by granting their demand for the creation of a separate kingdom within the Austrian Empire, the statesmen of Vienna and Budapest would win the Jugo-Slavs to their

side. It is said that the Archduke Ferdinand, whose time for mounting the Dual throne was obviously near, had planned to create his south Slavic provinces into a separate State as free and independent as was Hungary, and there are those who insist that his removal was in consequence desired first of all by the anti-Slav section of his own people, and second by the advocates of a Greater Serbia, who realised that if he came to the throne and put through his scheme their dream of uniting all the Jugo-Slav districts to Serbia would never be realised. Be this as it may, the Grand Duke was assassinated, and the plot on his life was hatched in Belgrade. But if his nephew, now on the throne, decides to create this independent State within the Empire, he would undoubtedly win the support of the now-rebellious Jugo-Slavs.

The Hungarian Reform Bill.

Apparently the German-speaking Austrians are in favour of such a move, but the Magyars violently oppose it. Whether this opposition can be overcome depends a good deal upon the danger which threatens Austria owing to internal disruption at a time when united action is urgently needed. Dr. Weherle, the Premier of Hungary, is described as a moderate Liberal, and therefore opposed to the Junker party, led by Count Tisza, which is dead against any measure which would give the Slavs a fair share in the Government of their own provinces. Weherle introduced an Electoral Reform Bill early this year which would enfranchise all the inhabitants of Hungary and establish the principle of one man one vote. If it becomes law the Magyars will be held in check, and the Slavs will get fair representation in Parliament. In April Dr. Weherle resigned, but re-accepted office on condition that Parliament should be dissolved if he failed to carry his Bill through the House. Recent cables announce his second resignation, but later ones describe him as still in office, and as agreeing to the demand of the Jugo-Slavs and the strikers, that the promised electoral reform should be granted by the end of July. If it is then the chance of disruption in Austria will greatly diminish. So much for the southern Slavs.

Unhappy Bohemia.

The Czechs in the north are evidently having a very bad time indeed. The German-speaking Austrians, whilst eager that the Hungarians should treat the Jugo-Slavs

liberally, are not at all inclined to do the same by the Bohemians. True these people are adequately represented in the Austrian Parliament, but want more than Parliamentary representation: they demand independence. That the Austrians will not grant, and, admittedly, the question is a very complex one. Compared to it the Irish difficulty is child's play. In Ireland the bulk of the people demand Home Rule, and those who are opposed to self-government dwell apart by themselves. All Irishmen speak the same language, and practically all are engaged in agricultural pursuits. In Bohemia, on the other hand, there are two entirely distinct races, speaking different languages, and though rich agriculturally, Bohemia is one of the greatest manufacturing countries in Europe; from an industrial point of view is easily the most important of all the Austrian provinces. If the Austrians agreed to the demand for independence it would mean that Austria would be shorn of her wealthiest province, would lose the revenue from enterprise set up by Austrian money and carried on by Austrians, would agree to let over 2,000,000 German-speaking Austrians be ruled by 4,000,000 Czechs smarting under the memory of years of oppression. To add to the difficulty of the situation Austrians and Czechs, though dwelling for the most part the first in the hills and the last on the plains, are intermixed to a far greater extent than are the Ulstermen and the Irishmen. We have found it quite impossible, after decades of earnest attempts, to solve the Irish problem, which, after all, seems simple enough. Can we wonder that the Austrians have entirely failed to find a solution to the infinitely more complicated one of Bohemia? The Austrians are apparently prepared to let the Poles of Galicia join a new Polish kingdom—which means that they would lose half of Galicia—but they show themselves not at all prepared to grant the demand of the Czechs for complete independence. The creation of a Jugo-Slav kingdom in the south appears quite possible, but the formation of a Bohemian kingdom in the north seems entirely out of the question. Meantime Czechs continue to be imprisoned and persecuted, even shot in the streets of Prague.

Land-locked Russia.

The landing of troops at Alexandrovsk, on the Murman coast of Russia, which is washed by the Arctic sea and laved by the

Gulf Stream, has been seized upon as an evidence of the determination of the Allies to intervene seriously in Russia. Very little thought, however, must entirely disabuse us of any such idea. The tragedy of Russia has always been its isolation. For centuries the Muscovites had no outlet to the sea at all. Then, pushing north, they established themselves on the Baltic, and, driving south, reached the Black Sea. But their Baltic ports were icebound in winter and their Euxine shipping had all to pass through the narrow Dardanelles, traversed it only by sufferance of their hereditary foes, the Turks. Later, they found another outlet to the world at Archangel, and finally pushed their way to the sea right across Siberia. But for seven months of the year the White Sea is frozen, and for several Vladivostock, the terminus of the 5000-mile Siberian railway, is also icebound. For a long time Great Britain consistently opposed Russia's efforts to secure an ice-free port on the Persian Gulf and in Turkey, but after the war began the Tsar's Government successfully maintained the Russian claim to Constantinople, and induced all the Allies to acquiesce therein. But though they agreed that Russia was to be given Constantinople, they found it impossible to shift the Turk, and Russia remained in a state of isolation, accessible only via Siberia or through the White Sea for one half the year, and altogether inaccessible during the other half. Yet Russia actually had in her own territory a harbour which though on the Arctic Sea was yet ice-free the year round. This place was known as Catherine Bay (Ekaterina), and some decades ago, a port called Novo Alexandrovsk was built on its shores. In time this was to be connected with the Russian system of railways. But the scheme was delayed and postponed, after the manner of Muscovite plans, and the outbreak of war found Alexandrovsk still separated from Petrograd by 600 miles of trackless country.

The Window on the Arctic Sea.

The sealing up of the Baltic and the closing of the Dardanelles showed the tremendous need of some ice-free port through which war material and other supplies could be poured by Russia's Allies, and, with feverish haste, the linking of Catherine Bay and the capital was begun. American engineers were set to work, and the proverbial American hustle produced rapid results. By the end of 1916 the metals were

laid from Petrograd due north to the south-west corner of the White Sea and from Alexandrovsk due south to the north-west corner of that sea, but the 200 mile gap between these two places remained to be bridged. Nevertheless, supplies began to arrive at Catherine Bay, and in summer crossed the missing link on boats on the surface of the White Sea and in winter on sledges over the ice. Whether the gap has been metallised is not known, but the probabilities are strongly against the work having been completed in view of the upheaval in Russia, which began early in 1917. Obviously, however, Catherine Bay remains a window to the outer world, and might be used by those desirous of entering Russia. Unfortunately, though, the Finns, determined to shake off the Russian yoke, could only obtain German help so to do. They asked the Kaiser for assistance, which he promptly extended to them—both military and diplomatic. The result was that the Red Guards were routed, and the Finns were able to set up an independent State. The treaty with Russia, which agreed to this, also handed over the Murman coast to Finland, and the Finns appear to have despatched an expedition to occupy it. With this force went German soldiers, and it became pretty clear that our enemy were desirous of securing control of this ice-free port on the Arctic. Whether to use it as a submarine base or with the object of preventing the Allies using it as a window to Russia does not matter very much.

They would not be able to use the Murman railway, but they would certainly use Archangel. If the Germans had secured a footing on Catherine Bay though, the danger to shipping would have been so great as to prevent approach to the White Sea altogether. The Allies must have the Kola Peninsula if they intend to utilise Archangel as a base of operations. But in a couple of months' time the White Sea will be frozen so that we dare hardly expect Allied intervention in Russia from the north until the summer of 1919. It is perhaps just conceivable that the Allies might send a formidable army to the Murman coast with the object of overcoming German and Finnish resistance, and of connecting up with Petrograd, but the undertaking of such a formidable "side show" would hardly commend itself to Allied statesmen who have already been strongly attacked for their ventures in Mesopotamia, Palestine and the Balkans. To maintain a large army on the Kola Peninsula would require many ships, which would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy submarines which have already done much damage in these northern regions; would tie up thousands of soldiers badly needed elsewhere; would be a further drain on man power and munition factories. A small army would be no good if intervention in Russia were contemplated. A weak force could not possibly hold the railway. For such purposes a very powerful army would be required, and its ranks

The Allies Occupy Kola Peninsula.

To have the Germans on the Arctic Sea was a grave danger to the Allies, and they promptly took measures to prevent such a happening. It was an obvious necessity, but it were foolish to imagine that they have any other object except to occupy the Kola Peninsula. They could not possibly use Alexandrovsk as a base for operation in Russia because, with Finland in alliance with the Germans, it would not be safe to use the railway, supposing this has been completed, for, from the old Finnish border to the White Sea is only thirty miles. Just imagine what would be the position of an Allied force which had ventured into Russia by this railway and found the line cut behind it and held by a German army! The very idea of using it for this purpose is absurd. All the same, the possession of Alexandrovsk may prove of great value to the Allies if they finally decide to take an active hand in the settlement of Russia.



could not be filled, as in Asia Minor and in Macedonia, by Indian and other native troops. The severe cold would demand the use of white men only. When we take everything into consideration we must conclude, I think, that this much heralded landing at Alexandrovsk, has as object merely the occupation of the Kola Peninsula to prevent the Germans getting to the Arctic Sea, is not the first step towards active intervention in Russia.

In the Balkans.

Another "side show," which claimed much attention in the papers before the latest German offensive in the west, was the Franco-Italian venture in Albania. Cables chronicled an Italian advance from Valona to Berat, amongst the mountains thirty miles to the north-east. The capture of this place, we were told, seriously threatens the Austrian occupation of Durazzo, the loss of which would, it is said, most seriously affect the enemy position in the Adriatic. With the reports from Rome concerning the notable Italian advance came news that the French, too, were moving from their positions south of Lake Okhrida and, pushing along the valley of the Devoli River, were threatening Elbasan, a mountain town some thirty-five miles south-west of Durazzo. These movements of the Italians and French were hailed as the first indication of a general advance in the Balkans, but thus far there has been no indication that the so-long-inactive army at Salonika intends to move. That the Allied force at that place has served a very useful purpose no one can deny. Had it not been there German submarines would no doubt have been able to use Greek inlets and islands, and Allied traffic through the Mediterranean would have had to be suspended. This would obviously have had disastrous effect on the Palestine venture, on the Mesopotamian expedition, and even on the position in Egypt itself. If it served no other purpose than that of keeping the Mediterranean open to Allied transport, the Salonika expedition was worth while. Thanks, also, to the presence of Allied soldiers on Grecian soil, the anti-German section of the nation was able to assert itself, and with the help of the French and British fleets deposed King Constantine and set up M. Venizelos as Prime Minister, swung the whole of Greece into Alliance with the *Entente*. We are now assured that a Hellenic army 300,000 strong is under arms, and anxious to be led against the Bulgarians and Austrians to the liberation of Serbia.

With this reinforcement the Salonika army is said to number over a million men, and to this force must be added the Italians who are based on Valona. Presumably, it is well equipped with heavy cannon and the field guns it requires.

Bulgars v. French, British and Italians.

Assuming that after all these months, and years, of inactivity, a real advance is contemplated against the enemy, what success is likely to follow? Obviously, the first territory the Allies would try to occupy is that portion of Macedonia allotted to Serbia by the treaty of Bucharest which Bulgaria insists belongs to her by right of nationality and of conquest. This we are pledged to return to Serbia. Therefore, it is clear enough that the entire Bulgarian army would be concentrated to oppose Allied advance. Further, as Bulgarian defeat would gravely endanger Constantinople, it is pretty safe to assume that the Turks would send troops to reinforce the armies of Tsar Ferdinand. If, despite Bulgar-Turkish resistance, the Allied advance continued, Austria and Germany would begin to get interested, and would, if need be, send forces into the Balkans. Until this stage was reached the operations of the Salonika army would not have in any way affected the war situation, would have been unable to create any diversion which would influence the position in Venetia or in France. Only when success was so pronounced as to threaten the Berlin-Constantinople communications would the Germans be compelled to withdraw a single soldier from their western armies. The manner in which the Germans have all along been able to utilise their Allies, who would fight nowhere but in their own countries, to immobilise large Allied forces is one of the most distressing things in the whole war.

If Durazzo Fell.

There may be elements in the situation of which we are entirely ignorant, but unless this is the case it is difficult to understand why the capture of Berat, which is almost as far from Durazzo as is Valona itself, should seriously threaten the Austrians at that port. Between Berat and Durazzo there are great trackless mountains, and the only way in which the place can be approached is along the valleys, the defence of which should be comparatively easy. In fact, if the Italians have Durazzo as a goal it is surprising that they have not attempted to reach the place along the sea-

shore rather than through the mountains. We learn for the first time that Durazzo is now one of the most important submarine bases of the Austrians, and that operating from that place Austrian ships appear to go out into the Ionian sea through the Straits of Otranto. We are told that if the Italians seize the place the Austrian navy will be compelled to retire from the Adriatic. That seems an amazing assumption, as if it leaves the Adriatic, where is it to go? What is presumably meant is that the loss of Durazzo will confine it to the Adriatic and prevent it from carrying out excursions into the Mediterranean proper. But only eighty miles away from Durazzo is the land-locked naval base of Cattaro, which offers far better facilities for submarines than does the Albanian port. We are assured that this advance in Albania is regarded with the greatest seriousness by the German General Staff, which, if Durazzo is seriously threatened will not hesitate to send reinforcements to the Balkans. From a strategical point of view it would seem to make very little difference whether the Italians were at Durazzo or the Austrians, and the general position would be very little altered even if the Italians overran the whole of Albania. The only gain which might follow a successful operation in mountainous Albania is that the subject peoples of Southern Austria, the Serbs who are crushed beneath the Bulgarian yoke; the Montenegrins, who have to submit to

the sway of Vienna; the disgruntled Bosnians, the Slavs along the Adriatic coast line, might be emboldened to rise against their oppressors, but that is extremely unlikely, for an Italian victory in Albania would not enable Italian troops to dominate Serbia, Montenegro, or Bosnia. My own view is that the German General Staff will not be much concerned about the present offensive in the Balkans.

Reported Death of Von Hindenburg.

Rumour has been very busy with the names of German leaders lately. Von Hindenburg is reported dead, and von Kuehlmann has resigned. Various changes are said to have occurred in Austrian high command, and Emperor Charles and his wife are alleged to be estranged. The death of the grim German field-marshal is not likely to greatly affect the military situation, except in so far as that may be affected by political happenings, for his death may have considerable political significance. Von Ludendorff has apparently long been the real military chief of Germany, and to some extent its political dictator also. But he had used von Hindenburg in order to get his ideas put through and approved. The old field-marshal was a popular idol, and therefore had immense influence in Germany. Thanks to his backing, the schemes of his young colleague were promptly adopted. No doubt von Ludendorff has himself won great power in Germany, but



Portuguese taking supplies to the trenches during the German offensive.

if it came to a question of popular approval of some particular action he contemplated, he might fail where, with von Hindenburg at his back, he would have succeeded. The field-marshal's death, therefore, might, in the end, prove disastrous to von Ludendorff who no doubt has plenty of opposition to meet as it is. The death of von Hindenburg has not been officially confirmed. The substitution of Admiral von Hintze for von Kuehlmann at the Berlin Foreign Office is said to be a victory for the military party in Germany. The last-named statesman desired to bring about a negotiated peace, whereas the militarists insisted that only a decisive victory in the field could make Germany's future secure. The enemy bitter-enders have apparently won control of affairs again; one wonders whether their dominance will long survive the defeat of the last offensive.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

JULY 13, 1918.

Another ballot for 5000 men begins to-day. The remaining reservists, inclusive of the above, and all men left, irrespective of the number of their family, is now 60,476. The total is made up as follows:—

Class C. (two children)	14,075
Class D (three children)	20,636
Class E (four children)	12,470
Class F (more than four)	13,295

Total 60,476

In addition there are the youths who reach military age during the year. Men with one child only have already been conscripted. It is reckoned that, providing our quota remains as at present, enough men will be available to carry on until early in the coming year. There is a pretty general assumption, however, that our drafts will be materially reduced soon, whilst the lack of shipping becomes more and more pronounced.

During the last fortnight the Minister of Defence has been besieged by deputations on the question of the treatment of conscientious objectors. A magisterial enquiry is now being held, but with closed doors, though there is an increasing demand in favour of a public hearing, with counsel and full protection for those interested. Many people who have no sympathy whatever with conscientious objectors have not hesitated to condemn anything approaching inhuman treatment. Whatever be the result of the inquiry the last will not be heard of the matter when the report is published. It is to be hoped, for the honour of our coun-

try, that the allegations which have been made are much exaggerated.

The sinking of the *Himmera* by a mine has brought the war closer to us. The comparatively small loss of life was due in part to good weather conditions, and when we contemplate the possibilities had the weather been in its usual ugly mood of late there is much to be thankful for. Considerable indignation over the disaster was shown throughout the country, and the home-coming of the shipwrecked passengers to Auckland was an impressive episode.

New Zealand is famous for its anti-liquor fights of the past. In the next few months the country will ring with a new campaign cry. Some time ago the National Efficiency Board reported on the liquor question, and stated that one possible solution was total abolition on payment of a certain definite amount for compensation. The amount suggested by the board is £4,500,000. Our present annual drink bill is over that sum. The new campaign for abolition has commenced. Visitors from Canada and Australia will take part. A mammoth petition will be presented to Parliament, and the petition will pray for a straight out poll on the single issue of abolition with compensation as set out in the National Efficiency Board's report. There is plenty of money behind the campaign. In addition to the well-known prohibition leaders, many business men of moderate views are lending a hand, and contributing to the campaign funds. It promises to be one of the biggest anti-liquor agitations in our history. The question of the hour is, "Will Parliament agree to the poll being taken?"

Organised Labour, political and industrial, has been very much in the public eye during the last fortnight. National conferences have been held and plans laid for the future. Industrially a cloud looms in the distance because of the strained relations between the miners and mine-owners. The latter refuse so far to meet the miners to discuss a proposal for a 20 per cent. increase in wages. The miners vow they will not accept the refusal lying down. A few days should bring developments. Politically Labour seems to be on the high road to success. What the measure of the success will be depends in large part on Labour itself. At the recent conferences Labour exhibited a new mood, and showed a desire to build. Several constructive proposals which were put forward make interesting reading, and these will form the basis of much discussion in the future.

HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns.

Many cartoons are still appearing on the Russian position. One of the best is that reproduced on this page from *The Newark News*. So wildly conflicting are the statements concerning events which are occurring in that unhappy country, that it is indeed impossible for anyone to make head or tail of the situation. We are told, on the one hand, that a quarter of a million Czecho-Slavs are operating in Siberia, but are left in ignorance as to how they are obtaining any arms or how the commissariat for so large a force is being arranged. As a matter of fact, there are nothing like 250,000 Czecho-Slavs in Siberia. If there are one-tenth of that number that would probably be the maximum. Then we learn that Korniloff is in possession of Moscow, that Lenin has fled, that the

Bolsheviks have handed over the Murman railway to the Finns, that the Allies have landed at Alexandrovsk, that the Germans have sent a large force to the northern part of Finland. Then we are told that Lenin is in Moscow, that Korniloff has never left the Cossack provinces, that the Murman railway has not been given to Finland, that the German forces are still about Helsingfors, and that the Bolsheviks strongly object to the landing of Allied troops at Alexandrovsk. And so it goes on all the time.

The New York Herald has rather a good cartoon, illustrating the way in



News.

[Newark, U.S.A.]

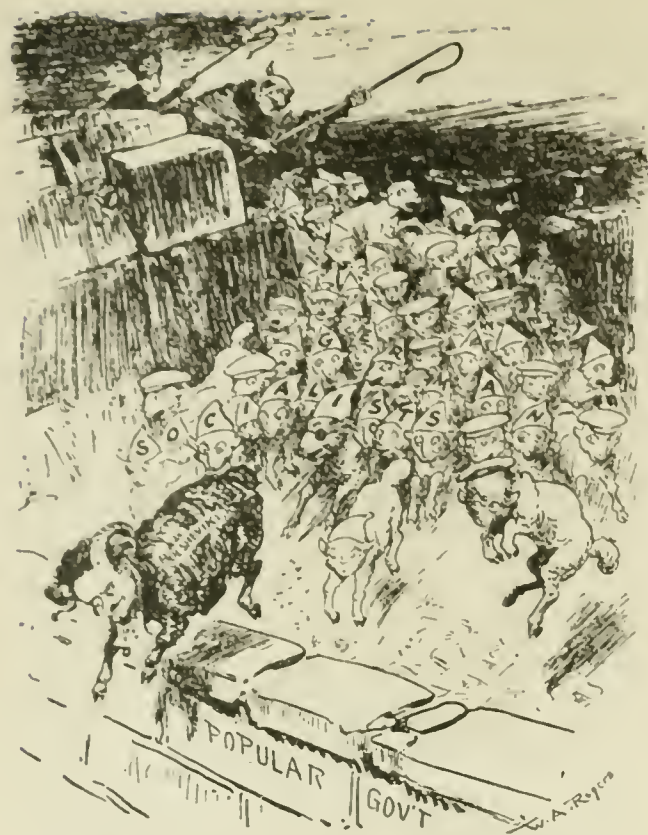
WHO CAN MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT?



The Eagle.

[Brooklyn.]

LENIN: "Now fight to the death!"



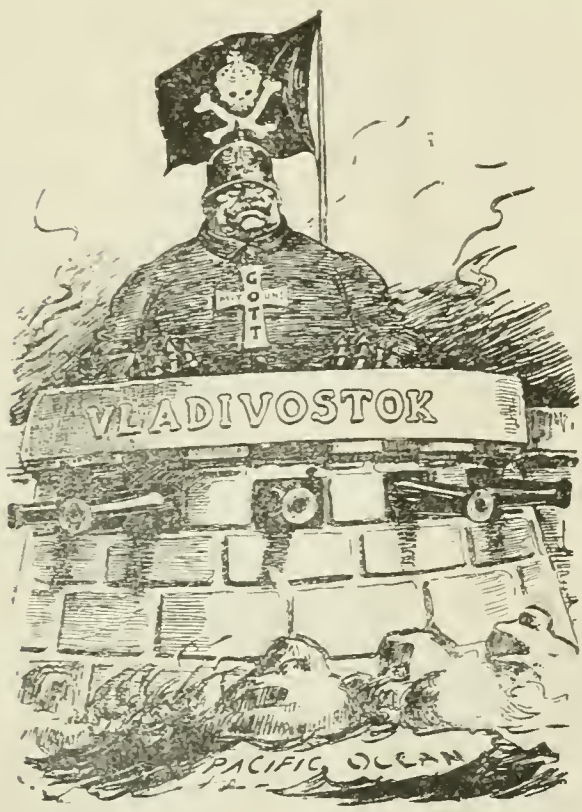
The Herald. [New York.]
KAISER: "Oh, why did I ever buy that black sheep?"

which the Bolshevik doctrine has percolated throughout the Central Empires. *The Pittsburgh Sun* considers that the intervention of Japan is imminent.



Sun. [Pittsburgh.]
IT LOOKS LIKE JIU-JITSU WILL BE THE NEXT THING ON THE PROGRAMME!

Naturally the Germans take a very different view of their arrangements with Russia than do the Allies. *The*



The Herald. [New York.]
THE BLACK PERIL.



Der Brummer. [Berlin.]
THE ROUMANIAN PEACE.
JOHN BELL: "Oh, horror, there's another one! Who will be next?"



[News.]

[Newark, U.S.A.]

BUT—CLIPPED TO SUIT.

Brummer shows the consternation created by the conclusion of peace between the Central Powers and Roumania.

La Victoire, of Paris, regards the Austrian peace proposals as merely a move on the part of Germany to entrap the Allies.



[Pines.]

[Louisville.]

CHANGING THE PORTRAIT.



[Mucha.]

[Moscow.]

THE COOK OF THE CONSTITUTION.

CHEF LENIN: "I can get the Bolshevik stew all right, but I can't get the other things to mix with it."

The Louisville Times suggests that the Kaiser, having failed in the West, is now intent on dominating the East.

It is surprising to find a paper published in Moscow, the headquarters of the Bolsheviki, being allowed to print such a cartoon as that on this page, taken from the Polish Mucha. The Bolshevik censorship cannot be anything like as severe as we are led to believe.



[La Victoire.]

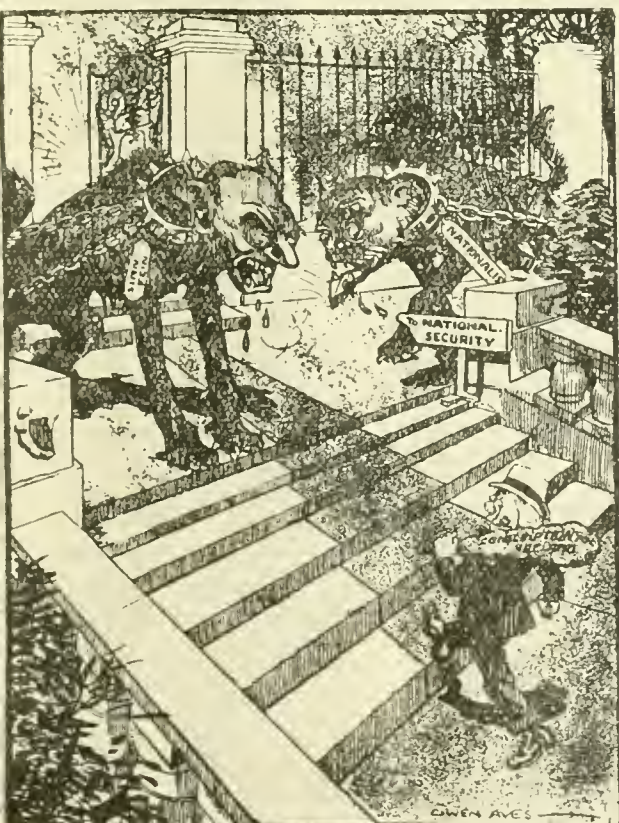
[Paris.]

THE AUSTRIAN TRAP.



[Dayton, Ohio.]
ANY EXCUSE SERVES A TYRANT.

The Dayton News has a somewhat ridiculous cartoon, showing Germany intimidating Sweden, on the ground that



[London.]
THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.
"Fear not the dogs—for they are chained. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee."—(Pilgrim's Progress—Present-Day Edition.)



[Pittsburgh.]
BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

the latter is an accomplice of the Allies, whereas the paper explains that Sweden is the most pro-German of all the neutrals, furnishing 55 per cent. of Ger-



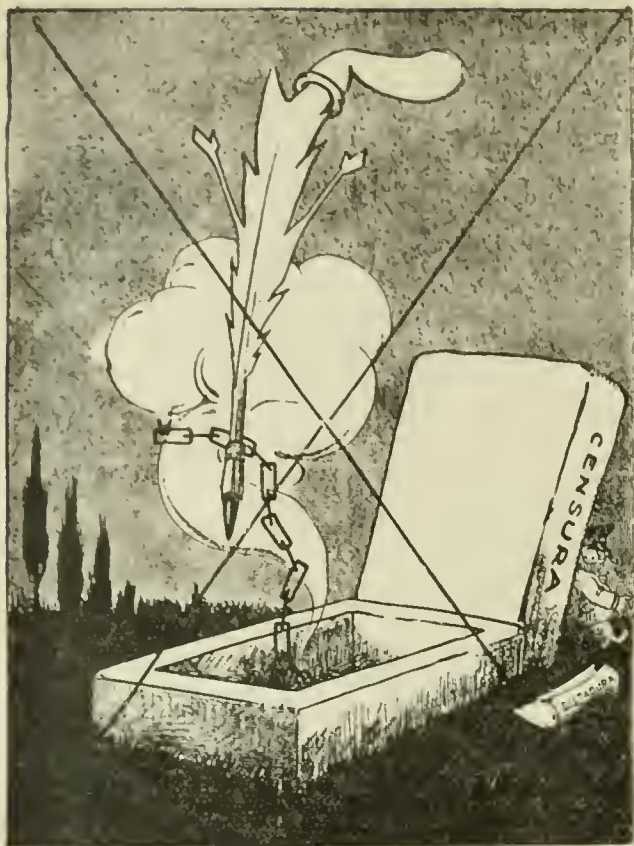
[London.]

HELI-BROTH.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT: "'Tis no use puttin' straws in yer hair, and pretendin' ye don't know that, if ye put that log on, the stew will boil over."

POLITICO-STRATEGICAL COOK: "Who asked your opinion?"

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT: "Not yourself—and for why not? A blind man may see! YE MANE IT TO BOIL OVER!"



Esquella.]

[Barcelona.]

THE RESURRECTION.

Celebrating the relaxation of the Spanish Censorship.

many's steel supply during the war, and so on. As a matter of fact, of course, Sweden was quite as much justified in supplying Germany with iron and war materials as was the United States in supplying the Allies, and President Wilson's reply on that matter to the Austrian Government applies with equal force to the Swedish action since the war began.

Some of the American papers show a good deal of sympathy with Holland in



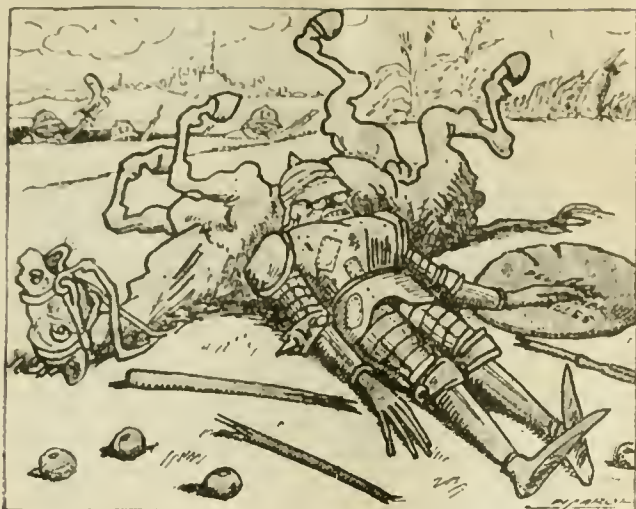
Mucha.]

[Moscow.]

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

AUSTRIA: "How are things going?"

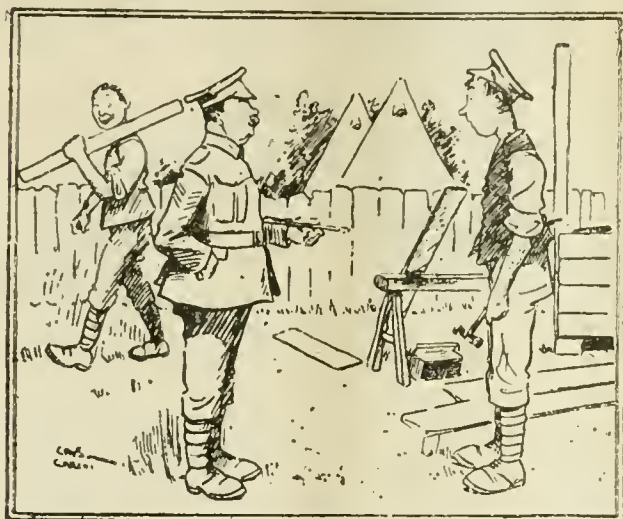
GERMANY: "I can't tell you yet—but you be patient and don't move."



Campaña de Gracia.]

[Barcelona]

THE MODERN ATTLILA.



The Dystander.]

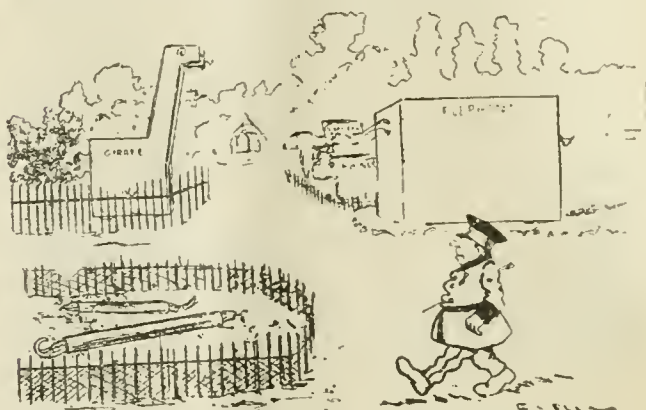
[London.]

THE SERGEANT: "You are taking a long time over that job."

TOMMY: "You know 'Rome was not built in a day.'"

THE SERGEANT: "I was not a sergeant in those days!"

the unfortunate position in which she is placed. Many of the cartoons on Ireland, which have appeared in England, are remarkably frank. The majority seem to deplore the attempt, now abandoned, to enforce conscription as the price of Home Rule.



Le Pele Mele.]

[Paris]

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST REPRISALS.

The Hamburg Zoological Gardens as they now appear.

“OKEH” WOODROW WILSON.

Astonishingly little is known about the President of the United States, for, although he must live more or less in the limelight, he discourages publicity in a most drastic manner. He himself says that he is hopelessly useless for publicity purposes. At self-expression, the disclosures of his personality, of his own part in the many transactions that have run through his eventful five years of Presidency, he is far from a success, according to Mr. David Lawrence, who contributes a chatty article on him to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Newspaper correspondents who have been intimately associated with him since his Princeton days find it difficult to recall a single instance in which he has put himself out in the slightest to get personal publicity.

On the contrary, he has squelched many proposals and schemes to boost his stock with the people. Campaign managers have found him difficult to manage. Principles and ideals are his fetish, not persons or individuals; acts and results count in government, he contends, not the idiosyncrasies of method or personality.

His methods are novel, however, and he has an utter disregard of precedents and traditions whenever they seem to conflict with naturalness or directness of action. He has a wholesome respect for the English language, and this caused him to send back the first memorandum submitted to him for approval as President marked, “Okeh, W.W.” This utterly mystified the assistant secretaries, and, after much hunting through dictionaries, they asked him what it meant, and why he had not used the abbreviation O.K.

“Because it’s wrong,” replied the President as he went on signing his mail. “O-k-e-h”—he spelled it out—“is the correct word.”

There was a sudden search for dictionaries that day, but though some of the lexicons attributed the use of “O.K.” to Andrew Jackson for “Oll Korrekt,” none made mention of “okeh.”

“Look it up in the latest dictionary,” suggested the President to his puzzled inquirer. And here is part of what was found:

O.K.—a humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be “okeh,” from the Choctaw language, meaning “It is so”; an article pronoun having a distinctive final use; all right; correct; used as an indorsement of a bill.

Thus it has come about that “Okeh W.W.” is a kind of symbol of executive power in and about the White House, for President Wilson’s is primarily an administration by letter or memorandum, a reliance on the written rather than the oral word.

Mr. Wilson does business by a minimum of personal conference and a maximum of personal correspondence. No mind could retain all the things that would be said to a president were he to see even half the subordinate officials who seek to talk with him. Anything that is worth while saying at all, reasons Mr. Wilson, can be said on paper. Any business that cannot be dispatched through the frankness of the written word had better not be dispatched at all. Persons who wish to take the President’s time, with the exception of Cabinet officers and members of Congress, must make known to him in advance something of their errand. Cabinet officers and heads of commissions, boards and bureaux write long letters to the President every day and get comprehensive instructions in reply. It may not be the most effective way—time will tell that—but it is a new way of administering the presidency, and applied to the mechanism of war is probably the most distinctive case of executive management in the world.

Many critics have put Mr. Wilson down as a fine moral leader, but none the less a poor executive, but no one really knows how he manages his job. He himself admits that of all the sketches and articles written about him since he entered public life he has been able to recognise himself in only a few of them.

He is portrayed either as a cold, methodical mental machine, devoid of sentiment and emotion, or described as a dilettante and dreamer, full of abstract visions, discouragingly impractical in concrete performance. For these conflicting versions Mr. Wilson himself is partly to blame. He shuns personal publicity; it is genuinely odious to him. Since he has been President he has seen fewer correspondents and writers by far than any of his predecessors. Full description, however, of half the things that Woodrow Wilson has done since the war began would probably have answered many of those who have been sceptical of the President’s whole-hearted interest in the military and naval sides of the war as distinguished from diplomatic phases and the interchange of peace speeches.

Mr. Lawrence, to illustrate the fact that the President is by no means the cold, mental machine of the popular press, tells of a visit he made to the Atlantic fleet before it sailed. There was no ceremony, no salute, no pomp of celebration. He went directly to the busi-

ness in hand, and in a telling talk informed the officers that he wanted every mind turned to the solution of the submarine question. At the close the officers cheered him to the echo, and went across the sea to do his bidding. Someone suggested that the President's speech should be published, but he promptly forbade it.

Some other president might have had the reporters present. The latter would have been all too eager to go. The movies might have been brought along. But what the President had to say was not for the reporters or the public, but "in the family," to the navy. History could record the results.

It is difficult to give a complete picture of Woodrow Wilson, for one gets only glimpses here and there. The things he does are written in countless memoranda and distributed through dozens and dozens of bureaux, divisions and departments. They are conveyed over private telephone wires and through unseen and unknown switchboards.

The President is by habit economical, but he is most thrifty in the use of time. He has figured out that he can handle a problem much faster and more effectively if he gets all phases before him in writing than if he receives various individuals interested in the same thing. He has a passion for facts. They are the things that will make him change his mind. That's why he doesn't hesitate to reverse himself. Facts, he says, will always conquer mere opinion. And so many of the things brought to the President's attention are purely opinion. Most of the people who try to see him want merely the satisfaction of having had their say.

He insists on having everything written. There is always great uncertainty about getting personal interviews, but any man who can write convincingly and express his thoughts clearly on paper has a better chance of winning the President's approval than if he actually presented it in person.

If it is a new thing the President would want to consult the Government department directly in charge of such work. When a memorandum of this kind comes he asks for an opinion from the department in question. Then he examines all the papers together and makes his own decision then and there. To give consideration to some matters that may seem perfectly feasible on their face but against which some practical objection is later made by a division or bureau of the Government means a loss of time and energy. By the written method the President considers himself safeguarded, too, against roundabout and indirect drains on his time. If he wants to discuss a subject further he will summon the individual or telephone him.

He uses the telephone more than any other President who has ever been at

White House. He has private wires connecting him with the Secretaries of State, of War, and of the Navy, and it is noticed that on a day of big happenings in international politics members of the Cabinet are rarely seen going to consult with the President, they do so by wire.

The President telephones to scores of officials, senators and representatives, not merely because it is a more rapid means of communication, but he can end the conversation so much more easily. Incidentally there is no one in Washington who can terminate a personal conference so gracefully when the business in hand is completed. There is no lingering gossip or story telling. Not that Mr. Wilson wouldn't enjoy it as much as did Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, but in only rare cases does Mr. Wilson permit himself any such relaxation. He keeps on the go every minute.

He takes a direct personal interest in the military and naval preparations of America, but he seldom appears himself, though long before the Secretary of War made public explanation concerning the Springfield and Enfield rifles, for instance, Mr. Wilson had familiarised himself with every decision involving the use of these types. He keeps in touch with public opinion by carefully reading editorials from newspapers all over the country, and through a great number of tried personal friends. He forms his judgments of men, not by a personal impression, but by analysing their work, but he has a wonderful power of analysis of things written.

Mr. Wilson very quickly gets at the heart of subjects under discussion at Cabinet meetings and similarly extracts the consensus of opinion from his colleagues in short order. There is no waste of time in bickering and story telling. Minutes count; and the President never forgets that, either. After a week of conferences, voluminous correspondence with nearly every division and bureau of the Government engaged in the war activities, telephone conversations and personal visits, the President tries to rest up on Saturdays and Sundays. He makes absolutely no engagements on those days except in rare emergencies.

During these week-ends, he reads memoranda and prepared digests and communications of a confidential nature.

If he goes away on a trip on the *Mayflower* on a week-end, he takes a good many papers with him. The President's job is mostly one of reading and studious examination of written reports. In this busy age many people may think reflection means indecision, but with Mr. Wilson the art of meditation is not lost. He likes to mull over problems, especially to get all the facts. He is open-minded until the whole case is in, then he makes up

his mind; and his decisions are irrevocable unless new facts can be presented.

The secret of the President's physical well-being is his ability to detach himself completely from his work for a few hours every day. When he works he works very hard indeed, though, and he has a wonderfully good memory. Once he tackles a problem, however unfamiliar its subject matter, he retains what he has learnt. He never delays decisions

on matters needing prompt attention, and, says Mr. Lawrence, I have heard it said by men in executive positions in the Government, that they can get an answer faster from the President than they can from officials much less important. It is curious to find that so busy a man employs only one stenographer, and that, working at night, he himself types brief notes to Cabinet officers or subordinate officials.

LESSONS OF THE JUTLAND BATTLE.

Mr. Thomas F. Frothingham, a member of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts and of the United States Naval Institute, writing in *Current History*, takes a somewhat different view of the battle of Jutland than that of most naval critics. He prefaces his remarks by saying that "sufficient time has now elapsed since the battle to eliminate the early distorted versions of the action, and to give a proper perspective of the tactics of the opposing fleets." At the beginning of his report of the battle Admiral Jellicoe described the practice of the ships of the Grand Fleet of periodically sweeping through the North Sea, and stated that in the early afternoon of Wednesday, May 31st, on which the battle took place, the various squadrons of the fleet, in accordance with his instructions, were scouting to the southwards of the battle fleet. Says Mr. Frothingham:—

With the object of engaging a fleet that had been usually so disposed and so employed, the Germans came out from their bases. For some time after the battle there were tales of other objectives—to cover the escape of raiders, to get ships through the Baltic, etc. But all these theories have been abandoned, and it is now agreed that the Germans planned to fight the superior British fleet under conditions advantageous to themselves. All the German manœuvres indicate that this was their design, and no other.

He gives particulars of the opposing forces, and emphasises the immense superiority of the British in ships, in fleet speed and in guns. He holds that Admiral Jellicoe was perfectly right in the make up of the British advance force, and that there is no ground for criticising him. He points out that Admiral Beatty failed to realise that the German High Seas Fleet was near, and thinking that he only had to engage

battle-cruisers or small craft, assumed that his six battle-cruisers would be able to take care of the situation, and failed to call soon enough on the 5th battle squadron, consisting of four *Queen Elizabeths*.

The British battle-cruisers fought on a course curving to the south-east, and then on a straight south-south-east course, and the German battle-cruisers followed a parallel course, instead of edging away from the superior British force. . . . In this part of the action came the first of the many upsets of pre-war calculations. Comparing the given strength of the two opposing squadrons in action, it will be seen that the British battle-cruisers were greatly superior; in fact, the odds would have been considered prohibitive before this battle. Yet it was the British squadron that suffered, losing one-third of its ships. Ten minutes after the beginning of the action the *Indefatigable* was sunk, and at 4.30 the *Queen Mary* met the same fate. In each case it is said that there was a great explosion up through the turrets, suggesting that a weak turret construction is really a conductor of fire to the magazine in case of a heavy hit, and pointing to the need of better separation of the supply of ammunition from the magazine.

In describing the coming up of the British Grand Fleet he says that Admiral Scheer deliberately chose to engage it, thinking the conditions favourable, although his course necessarily curved away to the south-westwards, and left the British Grand Fleet between the German Fleet and all its bases.

It is also evident that the ships of the German van had not been damaged by the fifth British battle squadron to the extent of demoralising the German gunfire. The immediate damage inflicted on the advance of the British Grand Fleet is proof enough of this.

By the time the Grand Fleet arrived on the scene, smoke and mist hung over the sea, and the Germans took advantage of these conditions, also using smoke screens, "to fight the only action pos-

sible for their fleet against the overwhelming force now in line against them." The German ships would appear and disappear in the smoke, as reported by Admiral Jellicoe in his official account of the battle.

As the darkness came on, it is evident that these tactics on the part of the Germans, with increasing threats of torpedo attacks, became more and more baffling to the British command, and then came the crucial decision which ended the battle.

Both Admiral Jellicoe and Admiral Beatty were in accord as to the advisability of not closing with the enemy battle fleet that night. By Jellicoe's order "the British fleet steamed during the dark hours at moderate speed on southerly courses some ninety miles from the battlefield."

Although the British fleet was thus placed in the general direction of Heligoland, this meant that Admiral Jellicoe had relinquished all touch with the German fleet, and this left the German fleet practically free to proceed to its bases, which was done without any interference, bringing in their damaged ships. The Germans even attempted to tow the wreck of the *Lutzw* into port, but she sank on the way in.

Early next day, 3 a.m., the British fleet was ninety miles from the battlefield. It then retraced its course to the scene of action, and remained in the vicinity of the battle until 11 a.m., when, says Admiral Jellicoe, he was "reluctantly compelled to the conclusion that the High Seas Fleet had returned to port." Soon after the British fleet proceeded to its bases.

In the early accounts of the battle there were fanciful tales of pursuit of the German ships through the night, and even after Admiral Jellicoe's report, the British public did not at first realise the situation at the end of the action. But, after a time, when this was better understood, there arose one of the greatest naval controversies that have ever agitated Great Britain, centred around the alleged "defensive" naval policy for maintaining the supremacy of Great Britain on the seas—the pros and cons as to closing the Germans while there was light and keeping in touch through the dark hours.

Mr. Frothingham points out that at 9 o'clock on May 31st the British fleet was between the German fleet and all its bases; it was superior in speed, and had such an overwhelming superiority in ships and guns, that it could afford to discard its damaged ships without impairing this superiority.

The British Admiral had plenty of light cruisers and destroyers to throw out a screen

and to maintain touch with the German fleet. There undoubtedly was a proportion of damaged ships in the German fleet; and this, with its original inferior fleet speed, would have made it a hard task for the German fleet to attempt to ease around the British fleet and reach its bases. These conditions were in favour of keeping in touch with the German fleet—and it is needless to point out the great results that would have come from a successful action with the German fleet in the morning.

On the other hand, there were strong reasons why Admiral Jellicoe should first of all safeguard his ships. "Upon his fleet depended the established British control of the seas. Many of his ships had received hard knocks, and many were short of ammunition and fuel."

Above all, there was the ominous threat of torpedo attacks in the night.

These were the conditions of the problem that confronted the British Admiral, brought about by the culminating tactics of the battle. Admiral Jellicoe's decision was that the situation did not justify him in imperilling his fleet and with it the naval supremacy of Great Britain.

As a result of the battle, the destroyer at once attained a greater value as an auxiliary of the battleship. The collapse of the three British battle-cruisers was not entirely unexpected by naval opinion and a reaction set in in England against this type of ship. The torpedo did little in the battle, but the action proved that a screen of destroyers is absolutely necessary, and above all things stands out the fact that it was the dread of night torpedo attacks by destroyers which made the British fleet withdraw from the battlefield. Very surprising was the fact that at no stage of the action did the heavier British guns dominate the German guns.

This was evident in the first phase, when Admiral Beatty's six battle-cruisers were fighting on parallel courses with Admiral Hipper's five battle-cruisers. The British ships carried thirty-two 13.5-inch and sixteen 12-inch guns, against their enemy's twenty-four 12-inch guns and twenty 11-inch guns. In the second stage of the action on northerly courses, when Admiral Beatty's command was engaging the van of the German fleet, the four *Queen Elizabeth's*, with their thirty-two 15-inch guns, were in position, and there was nothing heavier than a 12-inch gun in the German fleet. In the third phase, after Vice-Admiral Beatty's command had joined the main body of Admiral Jellicoe's fleet, the superiority of the British in heavy guns was enormous.

The dreadnought battleships stood up well, and everything in the battle confirmed the judgment of those who had

pinned their faith to battleships as the essential of naval power. U-boats were reported early in the action, but there is no hint that they took any real part in the battle, yet, says Mr. Frothingham, "this does not mean that they are not to be considered. With the great im-

provements in type, it is probable they will be a factor in battles of fleets, and such contingencies should be safeguarded in advance." He emphasises the fact that the destroyer came into its own in the battle of Jutland for the first time.

BUTTER WITHOUT A COW.

The extent to which margarine has replaced butter as an article of food in the United Kingdom can be gathered from the fact that, in these days of rigidly restricted importation, the value of the margarine brought into England has increased from £3,918,000 in 1913 to £8,983,000 in 1916. In those two years the imports of butter were valued at £24,084,000 and £18,977,000 respectively. But this does not by any means convey a correct idea of the margarine consumption of the British people. In a single factory in England no less than 5,000,000 lbs. of it are produced every week, and, though large, this factory is by no means the biggest in the country. Some idea of the quantity involved is obtained when we learn that this one factory in 37 weeks manufactured as much margarine as the whole of Australia produced butter in 1915-16!

Of course we are told that margarine is but a poor substitute for butter, but the fact remains that for many purposes it is quite as good, if not better, and there is no doubt whatever that, after the war is over, butter will be served only on the tables of those who have money to indulge in luxuries, and margarine will take its place in the majority of households. Nor will the health of the people suffer at all thereby.

Miss Marie Harrison gives a very useful account of how margarine is made in *The World's Work*. She says:

The origin of margarine is very interesting. Curiously enough it was discovered during a great war. In the fateful year of 1869-1870 the greatest misery reigned in Paris. Besieged by the Germans, food-stuffs in the city quickly gave out. Butter was rapidly quoted at 20/- a lb., a luxury obtainable only by the very rich.

To provide a substitute for famishing soldiers a French scientist, Mege Mouries, commenced experimenting with a mixture of milk and beef fat. Margarine was evolved, and the process was patented the following year. The word itself—which should be pronounced with a hard "g," as in Margaret—is derived from the Greek "margarites," meaning a pearl.

The pearl-like globules of the first-known margarine, produced as it was from a mixture of fats, evidently suggested the name.

For some time margarine was made exclusively from the waste fats obtained from the great slaughter houses of America, but as prices rose experiments were made with various vegetable fats, with splendid results. To-day it is made from palm kernels, peanuts and cocoanuts, and it is thanks to this that the price of copra has risen so amazingly of recent years. It takes three cocoanuts to produce one pound of copra, and one hundred pounds of copra produce seventy pounds of refined coconut fat. This fat is mixed with specially prepared milk, and the mixture is then churned in motor driven machines which produce a liquid emulsion of a delicate yellow. This is pumped through pipes on to enormous brine-cooled revolving drums.

The margarine liquid is run out upon these drums, immediately forming into a solid substance, which clings to the drums as they whirl round until it is caught by a sharp blade and is so peeled off, falling into a thousand golden flakes into the trucks which await it. Here, for the first time, you see the margarine in something like the consistency in which it will be ultimately tasted.

There remain several small processes to be undergone before the margarine is ready for packing. The flakes settle down into powder form, and the powder has to pass into a machine in which it is shaken up and down continually till it emerges very like butter. Then the blending with salt has to be done. This accomplished, the margarine is packed in parchment or carton boxes and sent off to the British and Belgian armies in the field, and to all parts of England and Ireland.

The Maypole works, described by Miss Harrison, employ some 1300 hands, and work goes on night and day without a stop. She was much impressed with the scrupulously clean and hygienic conditions which obtained in the factory, and suggests that many a country dairy, producing butter which sells at half-a-crown a pound, could take a very useful

lesson from these margarine works. I must confess that the cleanliness of the entire process is one of the greatest recommendations margarine has, one which may in the end cause it to be preferred to butter.

Margarine is a delicate, fragile substance. It has to be made under conditions of extreme cleanliness. At the works in question an expensive plant has been installed for the purification of the air in the work-rooms. It would seem as if some master brain had said: "We must wash the air and make it as sweet and fragrant as it would be after summer rain." For this is what happens: the plant is so constructed that the fresh air is drawn from shafts protruding high above the buildings and is passed through a chamber where

conditions of constant rain prevail. Hundreds of sprays distribute the water over the whole area of the chamber so that the air is freed from the least particle of dust. In this deliciously purified state it passes into the work-room by means of a system of air-ducts.

As the shortage of butter and animal fats caused by the depletion of European cattle stocks will outlast the war, there is obviously a great future for those places which can produce coconuts and peanuts. Papua and the Pacific Islands can grow the former in unlimited quantities, and the latter can be easily and quickly cultivated in many parts of Australia.

UNHAPPY CHINA.

The New East always contains articles of very special interest to Australians, and is well fulfilling the objects for which it was founded by Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott. One of the most informing features in the magazine is the correspondence from China, which is written by David Fraser. We know so little about what is going on in that great land that Mr. Fraser's comments are indeed welcome. Writing in the beginning of May, he thus describes the position in the Celestial Republic:—

China goes from bad to worse. At the present moment there are eight separate Government armies in the field operating in different regions, and opposed to each there is a Southern force. Ten of the Provinces are more or less given over to brigands, who pillage, murder and kidnap with little interference from the Provincial authorities. There are probably more armed men in the country to-day than there have ever been, and certainly more than at any time in recent history. Indescribable chaos is the result. The Provincial armies that ought to be engaged in maintaining local order and security are away fighting political battles, and their backs turned, thieves and robbers have great regions at their mercy. Where the troops are supposed to be fighting, the people are harried and harassed beyond words. Country folk are plundered, burnt out and murdered. While cities are pillaged, women and children are compelled by thousands to take refuge in mountains and difficult places in order to escape the ravages of the soldiery. The soldiers are out to do a minimum of fighting and a maximum of plundering. Their leaders are in the field for no high political or patriotic motive, but for personal ends. They are too small to aim at power for its own sake. They want power only that they may batten on State revenue. Both sides are tarred with the same brush, and I make bold to say that there is not a leader of the North

or the South who would let a political ideal stand in the way of personal gain.

He holds it to be a profitless task to record the senseless military and political developments that occur in China, but as things are working up to a climax there he gives a brief summary of the occurrences which have brought about the situation described in the above paragraph. The struggle between North and South has been going on for some time, but, at the beginning of April, the success of the Southern faction against isolated Northern leaders compelled the Government to take steps to relieve its forces, which were seriously threatened, and this involved resumption of hostilities.

Apparently the South was to blame for not withholding its hand at a moment when the North seemed ready to negotiate. But in reality the responsibility lies with the North, for no offers of compromise or concession were made. The Northern idea of negotiation was to secure complete surrender by the South. Surrender for the South meant that the power and influence of the leaders would be immediately curtailed, and, inevitably, in the near future, destroyed altogether. In the circumstances the Southern leaders had no choice but to sink or swim, and they naturally elected to swim on the chance of an improvement in their fortunes.

The chances of the South were not bad. Various desertions from the Northern forces had swelled their armies, and by keeping to the mountains the Southern commanders had been able to avoid battles and to inflict considerable losses on their foes. Says Mr. Fraser:—

Summed up, the five south-west Provinces were solid for the South, but for small re-

sistance at two points. Half Hunan was still in Southern hands, two Southern generals still held out in remoter Hupeh, while Shensi was a doubtful quantity. The South generally had the advantage of being able to retire into the mountains when they did not care to fight. Their deficiency was in money and munitions and in equipment and organisation. The Northern armies were the superior in all military respects, but that military superiority largely disappeared when they pushed into broken country. The grand advantages possessed by the North were the control of the Central Government, its arsenals and its financial resources, and the power to obtain arms and to borrow abroad. An important weakness of the Northern side was the internal jealousies which periodically caused the commanders to thwart the policy of the Government. On the southern side every general was more or less on his own account, acting independently of his colleagues. There was so little co-ordination that opportunities for the display of jealousy were limited.

The efforts of the Peking Government to succour its generals in the field were not very successful, and in the Hunan Province two strong Government armies moving southwards became widely separated and the Southerners turned on the second of these, and smote it hip and thigh. Details are lacking, but at least 3000 were killed or wounded, and 3000 reported missing. The disaster must have been considerable, as this army has now been taken out of the field altogether.

A political event of considerable importance was the mysterious journey of the Premier to the Yangtze. It was generally assumed that he was arranging for the formation of a new army to intervene in Siberia, but apparently his idea was to create a force to support the Government, and make it independent of the Tuchuns. His henchman, General Hsu, only 35 years of age, has become a very important personage in the councils

of the Government, and the other generals are very jealous of him.

Long ago Hsu had moved the Government to raise a new force in Peking to be directly under the control of the Government. The weakness of the Government lies in the fact that a large part of the regular army is maintained by the Provinces, and is under the control of the Provincial Tuchuns, thereby making the Government to a considerable extent dependent on the Tuchuns. The Tuchuns, as we have seen, largely influence the policy of the Government, and can thwart it when they combine for this purpose. Hsu had the idea of making the Government independent of the Provinces by the formation of four new divisions. With this object in view arrangements were made to obtain large supplies of arms and munitions from Japan. The whole, or at least a great part, of those supplies have actually arrived in China. They are stated to have cost about 14,000,000 dollars, and the quantity is something like 60,000 rifles, thirty-six batteries of artillery, some heavy artillery, hundreds of machine guns, and ammunition to match.

As a protest various generals "went sick," and asked for leave, thereby indicating in the orthodox Oriental manner that they were dissatisfied about something. It is extremely interesting to note, by the way, that Baron Hayashi, who, as the representative of Japan has always strongly supported the Premier, went down to the Yangtze when the Premier was there. He obviously did not go there for nothing. The Premier is accused of making sacrifices of national independence in order to obtain financial aid from abroad. Apparently, however, he failed to carry his point about a Government army, and the generals and Tuchuns are reported to be once again busy about their military operations, whereas no further progress has been made as regards the formation of the so-called Siberian force. It would seem that Japanese influence in China is decidedly on the increase.

IRISH RIGHTS AND BRITISH HONOUR.

Under the above title, Mr. Swift Macneill, K.C., M.P., contributes a most striking article to *The Contemporary Review*. It is not one which any Englishman can read without pain, for it tells of the way in which legitimate Irish hopes and desires have been systematically thwarted by British Governments. He wrote, of course, before the attempt to enforce conscription in that unhappy land had been abandoned, together with

the promise to give the people Home Rule, but he had no doubt whatever as to the disastrous result which the policy of the Government would have. He says:—

The forcing of conscription on Ireland without previous communication either direct or indirect with the leaders of the Irish people and in spite of the uncompromising opposition in the House of Commons of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is equivalent to the signing of the death warrant of a peaceful

settlement of the Irish difficulty on the basis of reconciliation and goodwill of all sorts and conditions of men in Ireland, not only amongst themselves but towards Great Britain.

Mr. Macneill quotes the first public utterance of Mr. Dillon as leader of the Irish party, and the last of Mr. Redmond before his death, when he spoke to the following resolution:—

That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies in achieving the recognition of the rights of small nations and the principle of nationality against the opposite principle of military domination and government without the consent of the governed, it is essential without further delay to confer upon Ireland the free institutions so long promised to her.

Mr. Redmond on that occasion said some bitter things about British statesmen, and Mr. Dillon, surveying the history of the treatment of Ireland during the last century, was no less bitter. Commenting on the proposal to extend the provisions of the Man Power Bill to Ireland, the latter said:—

Distrust, believe me, is the root of all trouble in Ireland. No man in Ireland now—and I feel the full weight of responsibility for what I am about to say—no man in Ireland now, no matter what party he belongs to, believes in or places any reliance whatever on the promises and pledges of British statesmen. That is a very serious thing, but it is true, and it is time the truth should be told, no matter what the Prime Minister has to say as to the desirability of covering things up and of conducting debates in this House as if we were ostriches with our heads in the sand. I want to say in all seriousness that in Ireland and in America the belief will be general that this proposal to apply Conscription to Ireland at this particular moment, in the teeth of the recommendation of the Government's own Convention, has been made for the deliberate purpose of affording the Government an opportunity of escaping from its pledges to the Irish people. I am not asserting that that is so, I am not asserting that I believe it to be true, but I say it will be the conviction in Ireland, because the Irish mind is poisoned by the suspicions engendered by the treatment we have received during recent years.

Some people are amazed at the statement, made by Mr. Austen Harrison, and quoted in our last number, to the effect that recruiting offices in Ireland, instead of being impartial, were run by political Unionist Protestant officers, who deliberately kept the Catholics out, but ample confirmation of that is of course available. Says Mr. Macneill for instance:—

The progress of the Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book was as follows:—There was a delay of six weeks in putting the Bill after

it had passed all its stages on the Statute Book. On September 15th, 1914, the war having been in full operation for nearly five weeks, Mr. Asquith moved the Bill to delay the operation of the Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills for one year or for the period of the war, and on September 18th, 1914, the Home Rule Bill received the Royal Assent in the House of Lords. From that time the effort has been incessant in certain quarters to exasperate the Irish people, to slight them when responding magnificently to the call for enlistment for the war, to inflict upon them a series of petty War Office indignities, to which Mr. Lloyd George, as War Secretary, thus referred in the House of Commons on October 18th, 1916:—"I wish I could give an answer to my hon. friend's (Mr. Redmond's), criticisms. But some of the—I want to get the right word—some of the stupidities, which sometimes look almost like malignities, which were perpetrated at the beginning of the recruiting in Ireland are beyond belief."

Mr. Redmond had struggled for twenty years to win Home Rule for Ireland by constitutional methods and by mutual agreement, but he evidently realised fully after the failure of the Lloyd George attempt to settle the Irish question in 1916 (and after the Government had again broken faith with him) that the position was hopeless, and this no doubt hastened his end. On that occasion he said:—

"I take leave to tell the Prime Minister that after my experience of the last negotiations I wish to enter into no more negotiations. The effect of these negotiations was simply this. We were asked to agree to certain proposals which were put in writing. After great difficulty, much against the grain, and realising all the unpopularity of the position we were taking up, we agreed to that. We were asked to go over to our fellow-countrymen and to ask for their consent, and before going over we asked if we came back with that consent would there be any attempt to enlarge them or would the people responsible for them stand by them. We got that assurance, and without that assurance we would never have gone and asked our people to consent. When we came back with that consent in our pockets we were faced with a variation of the contract, alterations, and changes which we could never agree to and that were never submitted to our friends in Ireland, and after that experience, I for one will enter into no more negotiations."

"Having regard to these statements, which are irrefutable," says Mr. Macneill, "it is an imperious obligation of national honour and a matter of vital importance to the future prosperity and welfare of the Empire that there should be an immediate settlement of the Irish difficulty in accordance with the wants and wishes of the Irish people."

THE NEW FOOD DICTATOR.

Who would have ventured to imagine four years ago that the time would come when the rationing of Great Britain would be entirely entrusted to a workman from Lancashire, when Dukes and Earls and all the aristocracy would quietly submit to his dictates? Lord Devonport was succeeded by Lord Rhondda, but Lord Rhondda is followed by plain J. R. Clynes a glass worker of Oldham.

A very interesting account of this remarkable man is given by *Auditor Tantum* in *The Fortnightly Review*. The writer is well known in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and is properly fitted to gossip on "Characters in the Commons," as he does in the number in question. Of all the Under Secretaries he considers that Mr. Clynes has done best. After him he mentions Sir Leo Chiozza Money. Lord Robert Cecil has already passed the Under Secretary stage, and as Minister of Blockade and assistant to his uncle, A. J. Balfour, the Foreign Secretary, has made a great reputation for himself. It is interesting to recall that Lord Robert's refusal to be nobbled by the Tariff Reformers in the Unionist Party looked as if it would terminate his political career, whilst his brilliant brother, Hugh, seemed to have a great future before him. It is Robert, however, who is carrying on the tradition of the Cecils as rulers of England, and Hugh who has had to take a back seat. Of Mr. Clynes, *Auditor Tantum* says:—

"But a word first for one of the new Under Secretaries, who had secured a great success during the last few months, to the general satisfaction of men of all parties. That is Mr. J. R. Clynes. His

is a piquant case. Office has brought him out. When he was a plain member of the Labour Party, before the war, his speeches were spoiled by a certain rasping narrowness of outlook, as though he dared not be reasonably fair to an opponent's case, for fear of being misunderstood, and must for ever be peering about for something to wrangle over. But as Lord Rhondda's right-hand man, he has spoken with sterling courage and independence, and, in fact, has defended the policy of the Ministry of Food even more trenchantly than his Chief. Mr. Clynes's triumph is due solely to his own keen intellect and strength of will. He has rather a harsh voice, is small of stature, and a plain man of the people. Many of his Labour colleagues, since their elevation to the Treasury Bench, have thrown a few grains of incense on the altar of the Graces. Not so Mr. Clynes. Office has left him unchanged. He does not devote so much as an extra minute to the daily struggle with his untamed shock of grey hair; he refuses even the smallest concession to the fainting tradition of superior Ministerial style. Perhaps this is a point of Oldham pride; perhaps it is merely a disregard of the looking-glass. But, after all, the clothes are but the guinea stamp, and it is the force and driving-power in Mr. Clynes which make the man. He is handy, too, with repartee, not very polished or subtle, but still sufficiently effective to discomfit an assailant. With genuine respect, be it spoken, Mr. Clynes reminds one of a wire-haired fox-terrier, well plucked if a little uncertain of temper, who has adventured his way for years down many a dangerous street and has finally won for himself the healthy regard of his neighbourhood."

BUNNY RAISING FOR PROFIT.

In their efforts to get food, the English people have turned to all sorts of neglected sources of supply, with the result that England has seldom been so self-supporting as at the present moment. One wonders whether, after the terrible struggle is over, she will again slip back to pre-war dependence on overseas for what her people need to eat. It is at any rate pretty certain that for many years much more wheat will be grown

in the United Kingdom than formerly; margarine will be manufactured in the country, and not imported, whilst it will more and more take the place of butter. More pigs will be reared, and England will be less dependent on Denmark for bacon and ham, whilst those whom necessity has compelled to grow their own vegetables are likely to continue so doing.

Amongst other things that have be-

come valuable, and have therefore been worth while breeding are rabbits. In 1913 England imported 50,000 cwt. of "Ostend" rabbits from Belgium, and 500,000 of "vermin" rabbits from Australia, about £2,000,000 going out of the country to pay for them. In England when the war broke out, it was considered unpatriotic to breed fancy rabbits in war time, and a wholesome slaughter of pedigree stock began, but was fortunately arrested in time, and now there is a boom in rabbit breeding throughout the country. What are called "utility" rabbits are being reared everywhere, and for this fancy pedigree stock is required, especially as the skins are now very valuable.

Mr. Alfred Maddison, a specialist in Belgian hares, contributes an article on the subject to *The World's Work*. Before the war, he says, England produced an almost negligible quantity of rabbits.

In France, Belgium and Germany the breeding of table rabbits had received Government and local support; and affairs were so organised that rabbit breeding had become in each country a national industry. The last census in France estimated the output of utility rabbits at £8,000,000.

England had to import what she needed, and why, says he, "should we depend on other countries for animals that can be produced equally well at home, and the production of which would be beneficial to the country?" He points out that the fancy rabbit not only can be eaten, but its skin can be sold at a good profit, and that this gives it a notable advantage over its common brother.

The furs of the various types of rabbits are in large demand by furriers; and their preparation and disposal form a valuable sub-industry to that of rabbit breeding. The supply of many furs, especially of seal, ermine and beaver, as well as several others, is becoming scarce; and as a result furriers are

obliged to seek substitutes. The best of these is the rabbit skin, and the rabbit with the best skin is the fancy rabbit.

Mr. Maddison gives some interesting particulars about the varieties of rabbits best suited for the establishment of what he maintains would prove a profitable industry in Great Britain.

First, there is the Flemish Giant, which is the heaviest variety. A buck should not weigh less than 11 lbs., and a doe not less than 13 lbs. This variety is very popular at present, and high prices are being paid for specimens bred as near as possible to club standard. At a recent show a winning doe was sold for £12, while another was sold for £21. Next in popularity is the Belgian hare, which on account of its beautiful style, length of limb, and colour is much admired. Many of these have changed hands recently at prices ranging from £10 to £25, because of the high quality of the specimens sold. The English rabbit, although a fine one to look at, is one of the most troublesome to breed. Next in size come Dutch, Silver, Tan and various other exhibition varieties. The utility rabbit is a cross between any two of these specimens, for example a Flemish and a Belgian; or a Belgian and a Dutch, which enables the breeder to produce a rabbit possibly at a quicker rate, but of not so great a fur value.

He sketches a suitable rabbit farm, and insists that if proper attention be paid to breeding stock, and the marketing of the bunnies and their skins, England would soon cease to be dependent on other countries for these animals. Fancy talking about a rabbit farm in Australia, though!

Such a farm, consisting of fenced-in allotments and provided with the necessary accommodation for rabbits, could, under the direction of a few experts, be made into a profitable institution in a short time. With a stock consisting of several pedigree rabbits, a large supply of utility rabbits could be obtained. When weaned the young rabbits could be transferred to large pens and there fattened for the market. Besides rearing the stock, it could be prepared for the markets at the farms. The dead rabbits could be dressed for the table and the skins dispatched to the proper centres for conversion into articles of apparel.

CHINESE FOR AMERICAN FARMS.

The need that has arisen to greatly increase the productivity of the fields of the United States has caused some people to advocate the introduction of Chinese into America. One of these is no less a person than Mr. Hudson Maxim, who, in *Leslie's Weekly*, urges the importation of the high-class Chinese farmer, who is "an expert at raising more produce on less land

than any other agriculturist in the world." It is not the coolie who is required, but the expert.

Americans, says Mr. Maxim, do not like farming, and were not cut out for farming. Instead of encouraging amateurs to go into the business as at present with their "thrift" gardens, he is in favour of withdrawing even professionals and putting them to something

more congenial to the American temperament. He would then turn their jobs over to the Chinese. He tells an interesting story of an American farmer who took the trouble to study agriculture in China, and then on his return sold the yearly produce of his 150 acres for 150,000 dollars! Says Mr. Maxim:

If it is possible, by the employment of Chinese methods of intensive farming, to increase the production of our lands to such an extent, how stupendous would be the benefit of wide introduction of such methods. The exhausted lands of New England could be made to produce like a tropical garden. The vast areas of the great west that are to-day not producing 10 per cent. of what they ought to produce could be made to produce the other 90 per cent. by the introduction of Chinese labour.

When we take into consideration the fact that at the present time there is a very stringent shortage of farm labour throughout the country, and again take into consideration the fact that one Chinese farmer will get many times as much off a given area of land as an American labourer, it is not an exaggeration to assume that American farms could, by the introduction of Chinese labour, be made to produce several times as much as they are now producing. There is land in the United States to raise food enough to fatten the world.

For various reasons American farms are denuded of labour. The sons of prosperous farmers prefer the excitement and diversions of the life of city and town, whilst even the average American labourer prefers to busy himself in factory and workshop rather than in the fields. He has some pertinent things to say about the lack of domestics in America.

The same reasons that have denuded the farm of labour have denuded the household of servant. The servant question is an ever-present, harassing problem, which is finding its answer at the present time in forcing the family into the hotel, the boarding-house, and the co-operative apartment house, from which children are barred. Lack of household servants is forcing race suicide upon the American people.

The individual, independent family entity is rapidly going out of existence. The abandonment of the separate household for quarters in the co-operative apartment house is an atavistic return to the troglodytism of the cliff-dwellers—worse, for children were not barred from the cliff-dwellings.

The solution, of course, in his opinion, is the importation of Chinese as agricultural labourers and household servants. Instead of the present inefficients, difficult to get, the people of the United States would thus secure the best agricultural workers in the world, and the

best household servants in the world in unlimited numbers. He disarms those who would be inclined to suggest that the Chinese would compete unfairly with American farm and household labour by saying that there are no labourers left in these two fields worth considering!

He considers that there is nothing new in his scheme of restricting a certain class of people to a particular kind of employment, and holds that when compared with their lives at home, the Chinese would find employment under restrictions in America a perfect godsend. He would safeguard American farmers by prohibiting the Chinese from buying and operating farms. He considers that it is very necessary to secure cheap labour in order to overthrow Germany.

A million Chinamen should be imported with all possible speed. This measure should not be opposed by labour unions, because Chinese imported as agricultural labourers and household servants would not compete with union labour in any way, while the Chinese would be producers of wealth which would greatly reduce the cost of living and consequently give to every dollar a greatly increased purchasing value. If a million Chinaman were to be imported, as I have suggested, their labour could be restricted to agriculture and the household. A million such labourers distributed throughout the country would so increase the food supply and so lower the cost of the necessities of life that the labourer who now earns 3 dollars a day would then be able to buy for 3 dollars more food than he can get for 5 dollars. The artisan would be able to buy twice as much for his weekly wage to feed his family as he is now able to buy.

Unless the Germans win the war within the next six months—and Providence will betray the world if they should win—then the war will last many years longer, for it will take many years to bring Germany to terms. One of the main elements of Germany's strength and enduring power depends upon the large number of cheap labourers that she has in service. The prisoners of war and the entire populations of conquered countries are doing forced labour merely for their keep, and very bad keep at that. Germany has to-day at least five million such labourers in her service, and in the conduct of this war we must compete with these five million labourers who are rendering Germany free service. We have a means at hand, through Chinese labour, which will enable us to compete with the cheap labour in Germany, and unless we do avail ourselves of cheap Chinese labour we cannot compete with Germany.

Another thing which appeals strongly to him is that "for every Chinaman imported one American could be released to serve the Government in some other capacity to help win the war." This

hardly agrees with his statement that Chinese competition would not be felt, as there are no labourers left in the fields! If there are none there, it is going to be rather difficult for the Chinese to liberate American men in the way he suggests.

But these are minor things. He says: "The paramount consideration is that only by importing Chinese labourers can gaunt famine be forestalled." "The only way to prevent multitudes of our own people dying from actual starvation in the near future" is the importation he suggests.

It is hardly likely that Americans would welcome Mr. Maxim's suggestion any more enthusiastically than would

Australians a similar proposal that Chinese should be introduced to immensely increase the output of the sugarcane fields, to develop the mines and to cultivate the neglected lands of the Commonwealth. That the idea is "catching on" in the United States, however, is shown by the fact that a Bill, providing for the importation of Chinese for farm work was recently presented to Congress by Senator Gallinger. France, of course, has imported a great army of Indo-Chinese workers, and these men are engaged in tilling the soil of France, thus liberating Frenchmen to fight, so that Mr. Maxim's proposal is merely an extension of the French practice to the United States.

A FRENCHMAN ON GERMANY.

In an informing article in *Le Correspondent*, M. Alfred Dumaine describes the work of M. Georges Blondel, who, for thirty years undertook many missions to Germany from whence he has brought back a remarkable collection of observations on the industrial and commercial expansion he found there. M. Blondel wrote a book in 1900 on Germany, which is well worth reading at the present time. Although an intensely patriotic Frenchman, M. Blondel recognises good qualities in our foes, qualities which he wishes the French could imitate. Their passion for method and their spirit of discipline are the essential factors of German strength, but from these qualities they are inclined to servility. "The German who feels a real satisfaction in being organised," says M. Blondel, "bends with an almost mystic submission before constraints which we would find inadmissible." Again, he says: "I was struck (in Germany) more than by anything else, perhaps, by the persevering application and by the scientific method which transformed the life and even the spirit of the German people, which triumphed over an ungrateful nature, multiplied the wealth, added to the well-being, and already crowned with some success the efforts, still somewhat artificial and presumptuous, of these recent parvenus."

Speaking of their bold initiative he says:

A great manufacturer in Berlin was speaking to me very frankly of the commercial situation of Germany, and did not hide his surprise to see the French, in spite of

their cordial relations with Russia, did so little business with them in comparison with the Germans. Thwarted, he said, in my exports by the duties with which my goods were hit on their entrance to Russia, I installed at Riga, with excellent engineers, an auxiliary branch, which is working splendidly. I fetched workmen, and especially German foremen, who are not difficult to find, and to-day my Riga house pays me nearly 40 per cent. interest, whereas I draw at most 12 per cent. from my Berlin house.

Convinced that commerce is also a science, a science with its laws and methods, the Germans have sought to introduce into it the most scientific spirit possible.

M. Blondel has worked principally to show how by constant labour the Germans have prepared and developed their expansion. Badly served by their soil, badly backed by the incomplete faculties of the population, they have still intensified the production of the earth to an extraordinary extent.

It is not likely that after the war Germany will show less energy. She has not ceased, in spite of the dearth of materials and men, to heap up in her shops the products of which she holds the monopoly. The Germans will most certainly put up a desperate resistance before allowing themselves to be dislodged, before abandoning the clients they had won in the days of peace. It is foolish to count on the discouragement of the enemy; we must ourselves get busy to meet strenuous competition. Have we even begun to prepare, despite all our grandiloquent talk?

CATECHISM OF THE WAR—LXXII.

Q.—Has Greece formally declared war against Germany?

A.—Apparently not. On June 29th, 1917, the Greek Government broke off diplomatic relations with Germany and her Allies, but this was not a declaration of war. The United States, it will be remembered, severed diplomatic relations with Germany two months before war was declared. M. Venezelos at the time made the following statement:—

We realise that unless we drive the Bulgarians from Eastern Macedonia that part of Greek territory will be always exposed to great danger. Before, however, thinking of mobilising that part of Greece which has not shared in our movement, we must vitalise its military organisation which has fallen into such decay, and bring about a fusion of the two armies in brotherly co-operation. Therefore we shall now call out the untrained classes of 1916 and 1917.

On July 17th a cable was sent out from Washington to the effect that "The State Department is now informed that Greece is a full belligerent, and will lose no time in mobilising her resources and joining the Allies."

Q.—Could you tell me what the British losses were in German East Africa?

A.—In a report covering the operations there from May 30th to December 1st, 1917, Sir J. L. van de Venter stated that during the six months casualties in action were close on 6000, including over 1000 carriers and followers; that during that time 1618 German whites had been killed or captured, and 5482 natives. In addition he reported the capture of 14 guns and 77 machine guns.

Q.—What does camouflage mean?

A.—Camouflage is the word used to describe the means adopted to disguise guns, roads, tanks, ships, etc., so that they shall either be almost invisible or else give the impression of being something they are not. The word is apparently a recently coined French one, and is used on the stage to humorously describe the efforts of detectives to disguise themselves. No doubt it comes from the word *camouflet*, which, although now almost universally used to mean rebuff or snub, originally was used to describe a sort of game indulged in long ago, which consisted in puffing smoke through a paper funnel into the face of the unsuspecting,

and whilst he was thus blinded escaping from the scene. It has now become an international word, being used, apparently, by the enemy and neutrals, as well as by the Allies. The South African War introduced *commandeer* and *Maffick* into the English language. The present struggle has given us *camouflage*, *Boche*, *Blighty*, amongst others. So important is the work of camouflage that there are special camouflage companies in all the fighting armies. Most of the officers and privates in these companies are artists, sculptors and architects. They are known as *camoufleurs*.

Q.—What is the total estimated expenditure in Great Britain for the current year?

A.—Mr. Bonar Law, in his Budget speech, estimated a total expenditure of £2,972,907,000. Towards this he expected to get a revenue of £842,050,000, which leaves a deficit of £2,130,147,000, which will have to be met by borrowing. The revenue mentioned is the largest that has ever been collected in Great Britain; for the financial year, which ended on March 31st, the total amount of revenue was £707,235,000. In 1913-14 the revenue amounted to £198,242,000. This gives some idea of the amount of special taxation which has been imposed in Great Britain in order to meet the cost of the war as far as possible. No less than £290,450,000 is anticipated from the Income Tax and Super-tax, and £300,000,000 from the Excess Profits tax.

Q.—Has the ordinary expenditure greatly increased since the war began?

A.—The following comparison gives some idea of the increase:—

	1913-14.	1918-19.
Local Taxation Account	£9,665,000	£9,700,000
Public Education ...	18,717,000	24,541,000
Old-Age Pensions...	12,600,000	12,085,000
Ministry of Labour, Insurance, etc. ...	7,499,000	9,619,000
Other Civil Services	16,172,000	17,784,000
Revenue Departments	4,533,000	5,573,000
Postal Services ...	24,360,000	26,141,000

Q.—What amount of money is now being paid as interest on the war debt in Great Britain?

A.—In his last Budget statement, Mr. Bonar Law mentioned that the amount during 1918-19 would be £295,850,000.

Altogether the total payments on account of borrowings by the State will be £326,414,000 this year.

Q.—What is the income tax rate in Great Britain at present?

A.—Under the new proposals for taxation during 1918-19 the rate on earned incomes is as follows:—

Below £500	2s. 3d.
Between £500 and £1000	3s. 0d.
„ £1000 „ £1500	3s. 9d.
„ £1500 „ £2000	4s. 6d.
„ £2000 „ £2500	5s. 3d.
Above £2500	6s. 0d.
Plus super-tax.	

Thus super-tax between £2500 and £3000 is 1s. 6d., so that a person who earns £3000 a year has to pay 7s. 6d. in the £, or £1125. Between £3000 and £4000 the super-tax is 2s., and then mounts at the rate of an extra 6d. per thousand pounds until the income reaches £10,000, above which the super-tax is 4s. 6d. The lucky (?) individual, therefore who earns an income of £10,000 a year must pay no less than £5250!

Q.—Is there an allowance in the income tax in England for children?

A.—Formerly the allowance of £25 in respect of children under sixteen applied only to taxpayers whose total income did not exceed £700 a year. Under the new Act this relief is extended to incomes not exceeding £800, and in addition an allowance of £25 is made in respect to the taxpayer's wife, and an equal allowance in respect of any dependent relative incapacitated by old age or infirmity whom he maintains.

Q.—Are all the men fighting against us on the western front Germans?

A.—Yes, apparently there are only Germans in the West, except, possibly, a few Austrian artillerymen.

Q.—Have you any particulars of the recent arrangement between Germany and Austria-Hungary?

A.—You refer to what is known as the Pact of the Kaisers. According to this it appears that Austria-Hungary agrees to the thorough military training of all males fit for military service. Regulations for the organisation, instruction and employment of the German and Austro-Hungarian troops are to be according to a common principle, the initiative of which shall rest with Germany. Armament is to be uniform. The troops of the two Empires are to be brought into close contact, and the officers are to be interchanged. There is appa-

rently no definite economic union, but the military one must carry that with it to some extent. Economic preparation for modern war is on such a gigantic scale that obviously what Austria-Hungary omits to do in the matter of stimulating manufactures and agriculture is Germany's business under the Pact. So, too, is the management of Austro-Hungarian finances. A common railway policy is agreed to in the Pact, which runs for twenty-five years, and can be denounced by either party at any time thereafter.

Q.—Who are the Czecho-Slovaks?

The Czechs are what we call the Bohemians, who live in Bohemia. The Slovaks are the people of Moravia, which lies between Bohemia and the Carpathians. Actually the Slavs, who dwell in the northern part of Austria-Hungary, are referred to as Czecho-Slovaks, whilst those Slavs dwelling in the southern portions of the Empire are known as Jugo-Slavs.

Q.—Are the Americans still feeding the Belgians?

A.—Yes. They are still sending great supplies of food to Belgium via Holland. Recently the food situation in Belgium became very serious owing to the instructions of President Wilson for the withdrawal of steamers from the fleet employed by the Belgian Relief Commission. The President has, however, realised the need for feeding these crushed people, and has arranged for the despatch of 90,000 tons of food to Belgium immediately. England and the United States are each supplying half of the necessary shipping. This necessitated various trade re-adjustments in America, among others the reduction of sugar to confectionery industries, which liberated 50,000 tons of shipping used in the Cuban sugar trade.

Q.—Is it really true that men of fifty-one are being conscripted in Great Britain?

A.—The Military Service Act states:—“Every male British subject who has at any time since the 14th day of August, 1915, been, or for the time being is, in Great Britain, and who at the date of the passing of this Act has attained the age of eighteen years and has not attained the age of fifty-one years, or who at any subsequent date attains the age of eighteen years shall . . . be deemed as from the date of the passing of this Act . . . to have been duly enlisted in His Majesty's regular forces for general service with the colours or in the reserves for the period of

the war." It is further provided in the Act, however, that "His Majesty may, by Order-in-Council, declare that the foregoing provision shall as respecting men generally or as respecting any class of men have effect as from a date to be specified in the order as if any age specified in the order, not exceeding 56 years, were therein substituted for the age of 51 years." This order must not be made, however, until each House presents an address to His Majesty praying it to be made. As respecting any person, however, being a duly qualified medical practitioner the age of 56 is substituted for the age of 51. Therefore, apparently, some men over 51 have already been conscripted.

Q.—How many men have been killed and wounded since the war began?

A.—That is a question that cannot be answered, as casualty lists of the French, Italian, Serbian, Belgian, Russian and Roumanian armies are not published. Various estimates have been made, but nothing really authoritative has ever been published. The German losses to the end of 1917 were said to be 2,635,000 on the West front, and 1,485,000 on the East. The estimated French losses were 3,500,000.

Q.—How much has the war cost?

A.—That is exceedingly difficult to say. The Carnegie Foundation, in a report covering the first three years and five months of the war, that is to January, 1918, estimated the total cost to all the belligerents in *direct* war expenditure during that period to be £23,570,000.00, and gave the amounts paid out by the principal belligerents as follows:—

Germany	£5,000,000,000
Russia	4,500,000,000
Great Britain	4,200,000,000
Austria-Hungary	2,230,000,000
United States	1,330,000,000
Italy	1,220,000,000

This estimate does not quite agree, though, with the statements made by Mr. Bonar Law concerning the cost of the war to Great Britain, which, it is understood, is a good deal more than that to Germany. At the end of the year the daily German expenditure was set down at £5,450,000, that of Great Britain at £7,600,000, and of France at £3,820,000.

Q.—Are American soldiers armed with sporting shotguns?

A.—For trench fighting the United States infantry are provided with short ten-bore repeating shotguns, with barrels

stiffened to carry bayonets and magazines holding six cartridges each, loaded with nine buckshots. Many thousands of such guns have been sent to France.

Q.—What pensions do soldiers' children obtain in Great Britain?

A.—The allowances have recently been increased. On the old scale the allowance for the first child was 5s., for the second 4s. 2d., and for the third 3s. 4d., and 2s. 6d. for each extra child. In the new scale 6s. 8d. is paid the first child, 5s. the second, and 4s. 2d. the third. Motherless children will in future receive 10s. a week instead of 7s., and illegitimate children will get 6s. 8d., instead of 5s.

Q.—Is it true that the American Government supplies candy to its troops in the field?

A.—Yes, it ships about a million and a-half pounds of candy every month to the American Army in France. This is, however, not supplied free, but can be purchased by the soldiers at the post stations. The amount so purchased is said to be worth 300,000 dollars every month.

Q.—Are the Americans really denying themselves flour in order that wheat may be sent in adequate quantities to Great Britain and France?

A.—For over a year now the Americans have rationed themselves, and have set apart days on which they neither use nor eat wheat flour. There is a good deal of rivalry amongst the States in this respect, and California recently set the wheat-saving record, having reduced its consumption of wheat and wheat products to 30 per cent. of what it was eating a year ago. That means that white bread is eaten in California only two days a week. The normal consumption of wheat in the United States is about 40,000,000 bushels a month. It was estimated on June 1st that the total available supply until the new harvest was got in was 56,000,000 bushels. Of this 30,000,000 bushels had to be exported to maintain the absolutely necessary shipments to France and England. That leaves about 26,000,000 bushels for domestic consumption, or 13,000,000 bushels a month, one-third of the normal requirements.

Q.—What is the present exchange of the franc?

A.—The current rate is 27.16 francs to the pound. The pre-war rate was 25.22. A pound is worth 2 francs more in France than it was in 1914, and roughly a franc is now worth 9d. instead of 10d. In

America a pound is worth just about 6d. less than it was before the war started. The pound used to be worth 12.107 florins in Holland before the war. It is now worth only 9.82 florins. The rate of exchange against Great Britain is much the same in Norway, Sweden and Denmark, as in Holland. In Spain a pound is now worth 17.06 pesetas. In 1914 it was worth 25.22. In Italy, however, for one pound English no less than 42.80 lire can be obtained, whereas in pre-war times it was only worth 25.22.

Q.—It was said that the Allies were nearly 8 to 1 against the Central Powers before Russia dropped out. Could you tell me the proportion now that the United States has come in?

A.—You presumably refer not to the fighting men but to the populations of the Allied and enemy countries. The total population of the Allies, excluding Russia, all the Latin-American republics, and all coloured peoples, but including the United States, is 268,000,000. The population of the Central Powers, Bulgaria and Turkey, is 145,000,000. If India, China and Japan be added, the Allied population would be increased by 640,000,000 to 908,000,000, and if the natives in Africa and the Spanish-Americans be reckoned in, the Allies number well over 1,000,000,000.

Q.—Do the Americans use much water power?

A.—There has been very great development recently, chiefly due to the demands for power made by the great war industries of the United States. Of the total water powers of that country about 6,000,000 horse-power have been developed. Nearly all the plants are subject to complete public control, and practically all the remaining power sites have been taken over by the Government.

Q.—Is there an eight-hour day in force in America?

A.—Until recently it was rare to find Americans working less than nine hours a day. Just before the Government assumed control of the railways an 8-hour day had been granted by the railway companies, thanks to the intervention of President Wilson, but a 9-hour day is common in all industries. Farmers commonly assert that they work from 15 to 16 hours a day, but an exhaustive investigation into the question shows that they work from 10 to 11 hours a day, or from 3000 to 2300 hours a year. Horses on the least efficient farms work from 800 to 900 hours a year, and the

average is from 900 to 1000, so that the farm horse apparently gets off with about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours' work a day, and if the average is four hours, he is doing exceptionally well.

Q.—Have the steamers on the American great lakes been utilised for trans-Atlantic service?

A.—All those that could possibly be spared appear to have been sent through the canals to the Atlantic, and are being used for the transport of grain to Europe. It was recently announced that 34 ships building in the yards for the Great Lakes, and aggregating 105,000 deadweight tons, had been acquired by the American Shipping Board for trans-Atlantic service. It was also stated that the board had arranged to charter 400,000 tons of Norwegian sailing ships, most of which were on the American side of the Atlantic, for use outside the submarine zone. It is anticipated that these will run between South America and the United States, and will release about 130,000 tons of steamers, which will be used to send supplies across the Atlantic. The sailing vessels continue to fly the Norwegian flag, as they are only being hired by the Shipping Board.

Q.—Are the Americans now sending battle-planes to France?

A.—According to a statement issued at the end of May, 100 Liberty motors had been shipped to France, which country has placed orders for 10,000 in America. Five thousand training planes have been built in America since the war began, and Liberty motors are now being made at the rate of 100 a week, but apparently the American aviators are still using French-built machines, of which the American Government ordered 14,000. One thousand eight hundred have been delivered, and 1300 aviators are flying with the American forces on the Western front. For the planes it has ordered abroad the Government has contracted for 8000 foreign engines. Presumably the remaining 6000 will be fitted with Liberty motors.

Q.—How much money has America lent the Allies?

A.—Up to the end of May it had lent them 5,406,329,000 dollars (£1,081,265,800).

Q.—Do the Austrians and Hungarians speak the German language.

A.—The Austrians speak German, the Hungarians speak Magyar, but there are many peoples in the Austrian Empire speaking other languages of their own.



THE AIMS OF LABOUR.*

This is a very valuable document. The British labour movement is to-day the greatest security we possess of progress. Its foreign aims and domestic ambitions constitute the chief safeguard that the period of political reconstruction will not be characterised by the ignorant conservatism which followed the Napoleonic wars. Nothing bears more striking testimony to the permanent value of educational work in the nineteenth century than that such an essay as this should come from the leader of a working-class movement. Its bold grasp of the main points at issue, its unhesitating liberalism, and its firm insistence upon the part that generosity must play in the great settlement, stand out in vivid contrast to the ideals of 1815. We have some measure of the change when it is remembered how many people listen with profound attention to what Mr. Henderson has to say. It is evidence also of the drift of power that whereas the fundamental problems of 1815 should have been dynastic and territorial, those of our own day are social and economic. The control of the State by labour may not be achieved in this generation; but what it stands for is coming more and more to be the creed of most thinking men. It is distinguished from the bankruptcy of conservatism on the one hand, and the disintegration of official liberal ideas, on the other. It is labour only that has any considered programme of reconstruction to offer. From the rest, we have little save the realisation that the next age will produce changes of momentous consequence. Political prophecy is notoriously an invitation to disaster; but it is not grasping the impossible to suggest that the underlying ideas for which it proclaims itself sponsor are likely to have the same influence upon legisla-

tion as the Benthamite creed of the last age.

The striking thing in Mr. Henderson's essay is the simplicity of its central thesis. He denies that internationalism is dead. Labour the world over has, in his view, a keener consciousness than in any previous time, that the stevedore of Hamburg has in sober fact no quarrel with the stevedore of London. He does not shrink from admitting that the torch of death will light new enmities; but he urges that they are the prelude to a richer fraternity. He believes that a new sense of the meaning of equality will come, and a deeper resentment of every class privilege that is not based upon solid achievement. He does not doubt that the new franchise in England has given labour greater opportunities of political conquest than in the past; and he has an immense confidence in the possibilities of that alliance between hand and brain workers which is so significant a change in labour orientation. He demands retention of control over the key industries of the nation; and he is deliberately convinced that immense direct taxation should be imposed for social purposes. He accepts, with an eager enthusiasm, the peace programme of Mr. Wilson, because he believes that it is the complement to his own domestic vision. He is definitely opposed to an economic boycott; the Paris resolutions, so far as British labour is concerned, are already dead. He realises that the willingness of Parliament honestly and eagerly to occupy itself with the problems of labour is the one safeguard against revolution. England, before the war, had already shown signs of being wearied with declarations of unreal compromise upon the gravest issues; and Mr. Henderson admits that unless political action can justify itself in the next few years, the outlook is far from bright. He is eager for the democratisation of the diplomatic

*"The Aims of Labour." By Arthur Henderson, M.P. 1/-.

service. He rejects any Governmental control of public opinion. He is vigilant against that type of bureaucratic interference which is the parent of national servility. He realises that a victory for the Allied aims is the basis of an adequate readjustment in social matters; but, as he finely says, "victory for the people means something more than the continuance of the old system of production for the profit of a small owning-class, on the basis of wage slavery for the producing classes." The freedom this war is to produce is to be internal no less than external. It is to show itself in the lives of the people not less than in the volume of trade.

It is an inspiring vision, and as the man to whom its translation into the event is above all entrusted, Mr. Henderson has rendered a great service by this revelation of its background. But both we and he should delude ourselves if we for one moment imagined that the struggle will be easily won. It is not the proclamation of a Jeremiah to insist upon the strength of the internal forces of reaction. Upon these Mr. Henderson, except by implication, does not touch, and they are not of course necessary to his argument. But no greater public service could to-day be rendered

than by a book which should seek to analyse the constituent factors of the opposition to liberalism. It would show how strongly the capitalistic organisation of society is embedded in the tissues of the State. It would seek to measure how far the insecurity of the humbler commercial class tends to make them regard whatever savours of socialistic enterprise as subversive of the difficult achievement that is already theirs. It would face, with the superb frankness of J. S. Mill, the fact of ignorance in the working-class, the way in which the poverty of our educational systems has hidden the inner mechanism of the economic process from the view of the average man. It would recognise that the whole machinery of representative government is to-day inadequate to its functions. It would show how badly our mechanisms of discussion are in need of renovation. It would ask the very vital question of how far the divergence of liberalism and labour will not, in their conflict, result in what would be the tragedy of a return of conservatism to political power. There is on no side cause for despair; but in our enthusiasm for the new world that is here depicted, we must not forget that it is to rise upon the ruins of the old.

H.J.L.

AN ESPERANTO NOVEL.

Of the making of Esperanto books there is no end, even in war time; but the appearance of a new original novel in Esperanto is worthy of note. *Lilio*, by Edith Alleyne Sinnotte, F.B.E.A., of Melbourne, is a story of a woman's struggle against poverty and disgrace, and her final victory and knowledge of more glorious things. The scene is laid in England, the England of before the war. The heroine, while still young, loses her husband, and, chiefly for the comfort of her two children, she marries again. But her second husband finds (which he did not himself suspect) that his first wife is still living, and Lily is again left in despair. The death of her eldest child, and the sadness that surrounds the birth of her youngest daughter, are trials that would crush many a woman; but, inspired by a vision during her illness, she names the little daughter Joy, which is taken by her unenlightened friends as a sign of madness, and struggles on. Her material conditions

improve; her little daughter is indeed a joy to her, and becomes a famous violinist; and, though the story ends on a tragic note, she is shown as at last understanding the true hope that makes human effort worth while. The story is well told, without partaking in any degree of the dismal tone cultivated by certain foreign writers. In the earlier chapters it halts a little; but the author soon gains confidence, and brings the tale to a climax that few people will read without being moved. The characters stand out clearly; and there are some scenes from child life that will appeal to lovers of children as being very real and very true. The Esperanto style is excellent; Miss Sinnotte handles the language with skill and ease; and the student of Esperanto will find many useful and happy turns of speech. (Published by the British Esperanto Association; obtainable from the Melbourne Esperanto Society, Box 731, Elizabeth Street P.O., Melbourne.)

The Winds of Chance

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Barrier," "The Iron Trail," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Silver Horde," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EVERY new and prosperous mining camp has an Arabian Night's atmosphere, characteristic, peculiar, indescribable. Especially noticeable was this atmosphere in the early Arctic camps, made up as they were of men who knew little about mining, rather less about frontier ways, and next to nothing about the country in which they found themselves. These men had built fabulous hopes, they dwelt in illusion, they put faith in the thinnest of shadows. Now the most practical miner is not a conservative person; he is erratic, credulous and extravagant; reasonless optimism is at once his blessing and his curse. Nevertheless, the "old-timers" of the Yukon were moderate indeed as compared with the adventurous holiday-seekers who swarmed in upon their tracks. Being none too well balanced themselves, it was only natural that the exuberance of these new arrivals should prove infectious, and that a sort of general auto-intoxication should result. That is precisely what happened at Dawson. Men lost all caution, all common sense, they lived in a land of rosy imaginings, hard-bought lessons of experience were forgotten, reality disappeared, fancy took wing, and left fact behind, expectations were capitalised, and no exaggeration was too wild to challenge acceptance. It became a City of Frenzy.

It was all very fine for an ardent youth like Pierce Phillips; it set him ablaze, stirring a fever in his blood. Having won thus far he made the natural mistake of believing that the race was his; so he wasted little time in the town, but very soon took to the hills, there to make his fortune and be done with it.

Here came his awakening. Away from the delirium of the camp, in contact with cold reality, he began to learn something of the serious, practical business of gold mining. Before he had been long on the creeks he found that

it was no child's play to wrest treasure from the frozen bosom of a hostile wilderness and that, no matter how rich or how plentiful the treasure, Mother Earth guarded her secrets jealously. He began to realise that the obstacles he had so blithely overcome in getting to the Klondike were as nothing to those in the way of his further success. Of a sudden his triumphal progress slowed down, and he came to a pause; he began to mark time.

There was work in plenty to be had, but, like most of the newcomers, he was not satisfied to take fixed wages. They seemed paltry indeed, compared to the drunken figures that were on every lip. In the presence of the uncertain he could not content himself with a sure thing. Nevertheless he was soon forced to the necessity of resorting to it, for through the fog of his misapprehensions beneath the obscurity of his ignorance he began to discover the true outline of things, and to understand that his ideas were impractical.

To begin with, every foot of ground in the proven districts was taken, and even when he pushed out far afield he found that the whole country was plastered with locations; rivers, creeks and tributaries, benches and hillsides had been staked. For many miles in every direction blazed trees and pencil notices greeted him—he found them in places where it seemed no foot but his had ever trod. In Dawson the Gold Commissioners' office was besieged by daily crowds of claimants; it would have taken years of work on the part of a hundred thousand men to even prospect the ground already recorded on the books.

Back and forth Phillips came and went, he made trips with pack and hand-sled, he slept out in spruce forests, in prospectors' tents, in new cabins, the sweaty green logs of which were still dripping, and when he had finished he was poorer by a good many dollars and richer only in the possession of a few

recorder's receipts, the value of which he had already begun to doubt.

Disappointed he was, but not discouraged. It was all too new and exciting for that. Every visit to Bonanza or Eldorado inspired him. It would have inspired a wooden man. For miles those valleys were smoky from the sinking fires, and their clean white carpets were spotted with piles of raw red dirt. By day they echoed to blows of axes, the crash of falling trees, the plaint of windlasses, the cries of freighters; by night they became vast cauldrons filled with flickering fires; tremendous vats, the vapours from which were illuminated by hidden furnaces. One would have thought that here gold was being made, not sought—that this was a region of volcanic hot springs where every fissure and vent hole spouted steam. It was a strange, a marvellous sight; it stirred the imagination to know that underfoot, locked in the flinty depths of the frozen gravel, was wealth unmeasured and unearned, rich hoards of yellow gold that yesterday were ownerless.

A month of stampeding dulled the keen edge of Pierce's enthusiasm, so he took a breathing spell, in which to get his bearings.

The Yukon had closed, and the human flotsam and jetsam it had borne thither was settling. Pierce could feel a metamorphic agency at work in the town, already new habits of life were crystallising among its citizens, and beneath its whirlpool surface new forms were in the making. It alarmed him to realise that as yet his own affairs were in suspense, and, he argued, with all the hot impatience of youth, that it was high time he came to rest. Opportunities were on every side of him, but he knew not where or how to lay hold of them to his best advantage. More than ever he felt himself to be the toy of circumstance, more than ever he feared the fallibility of his judgment and the consequences of a mistake. He was in a mood both dissatisfied and irresolute when he encountered his two trail friends, Tom Linton and Jerry Quirk. Pierce had seen them last at Linderman, engaged in prosecuting a stamper's divorce; he was surprised to find them reunited.

"I never dreamed you'd get through," he told them, when greetings had passed. "Did you come in one boat or in two?"

Jerry grinned. "We sawed up that outlaw four times. We'd have split her, end to end finally only we run out of pitch to cork her up."

"That boat was about worn out with our bickerings," Tom declared. "She ain't over half the length she was—all the rest is sawdust. If the nail holes in her was laid end to end they'd reach to Forty Mile. We were the last outfit in, as it was, and we'd of missed a landing if a feller hadn't run out on the shore ice and roped us: First town I ever entered on the end of a lariat. Hope I don't leave it the same way."

"Guess who drug us in," Jerry urged.

"I've no idea," said Pierce.

"Big Lars Anderson."

"Big Lars of Eldorado?"

"He's the party. He was just drunk enough to risk breakin' through. When he found who we was—well, he gave us the town; he made us a present of Dawson and all points north, together with the lands, premises, privileges and hereditaments appurtenant thereto. I still got a kind of a hang-over headache and have to take soda after my meals."

"Lars was a sheepman when we knew him," Tom explained. "Jerry and I purloined him from some prominent cow-gentlemen who had him all decorated up ready to hang, and he hasn't forgotten it. He got everybody full, the night we landed, and wound up by buying all the fresh eggs in camp, forty dozen. We had 'em fried. He's a prince with his money."

"He owns more property than anybody," said Pierce.

"Right! And he gave us a 'lay.'"

Phillips' eyes opened. "A lay? On Eldorado?" he queried in frank amazement.

"No. Hunker. He says it's a good creek. We're lookin' for a pardner."

"What kind of a partner?"

It was Linton who answered. "Well, some nice, easy-going, hard-working young feller. Jerry and I are pretty old to wind a windlass, but we can work underground where it's warm."

"Easy-goin', that's the word," Jerry nodded. "Tom and me get along with each other like an order of buck-wheat cakes, but we're set in our ways, and we don't want anybody to come between us."

"How would I do?" Pierce inquired with a smile.

Tom answered promptly. "If your name was put to a vote I know one of us that wouldn't black-ball you."

"Sure!" cried his partner. "The ballot-box would look like a settin' of pigeon eggs. Think it over and let us know. We're leavin' to-morrow."

A lease on Hunker Creek sounded good to Phillips. Big Lars Anderson had been one of the first arrivals from Circle City, already he was rated a millionaire, for luck had smiled upon him; his name was one to conjure with. Pierce was about to accept the offer made him when Jerry said—

"Who d'you s'pose got the lay below ours? That feller McCaskey and his brother."

"McCaskey!"

"He's an old pal of Anderson's."

"Does Big Lars know he's a thief?"

Jerry shrugged. "Lars ain't the kind that listens to scandal, and we ain't the kind that carries it."

Pierce meditated briefly, then he said slowly, "If your lay turns out good so will McCaskey's." His frown deepened. "Well, if there's a law of compensation, if there's such a thing as retributive justice—you have a bad piece of ground."

"But there ain't any such thing," Tom quickly asserted. "Anyhow it don't work in mining camps. If it did, the saloons would be reading rooms and the gamblers would take in washing. Look at the lucky men in this camp—bums, most of 'em. George Carmack was a squaw-man, and he made the strike."

Pierce felt no fear of Joe McCaskey, only dislike and a desire to avoid further contact with him. The prospect of a long winter in close proximity to a proven scoundrel was repugnant. Balanced against this was the magic of Big Lars' name. It was a problem; again indecision rose to trouble him.

"I'll think it over," he said finally.

Farther down the street Phillips' attention was arrested by an announcement of the opening of the Rialto Saloon and Theatre. Miller and Best, proprietors. Challenged by the name of his former employer, and drawn by the sounds of merriment from within, Pierce entered. He had seen little of Laure since his arrival; he had all but banished

her from his thoughts, in fact, but he determined now to look her up.

The Rialto was the newest and the most pretentious of Dawson's amusement palaces. It comprised a drinking place with a spacious gambling room adjoining. In the rear of the latter was the theatre, a huge log annex especially designed as the home of Bacchus and Terpsichore.

The front room was crowded; through an archway leading to the gambling hall came the noise of many voices and over all the strains of an orchestra at the rear. Ben Miller, a famous sporting character, was busy weighing gold dust at the massive scales near the door when Pierce entered.

The theatre, too, was packed. Here a second bar was doing a thriving business, and every chair on the floor, every box in the balcony overhanging three sides of it was occupied. Waiters were scurrying up and down the wide stairway, the general hubub was punctuated by the sound of exploding corks as the Klondike spendthrifts advertised their prosperity in a hilarious contest of prodigality.

All Dawson had turned out for the opening, and Pierce recognised several of the Eldorado kings, among them Big Lars Anderson.

These new-born magnates were as thriftless as locusts, and in the midst of their Bacchanalian revels Pierce felt very poor, very obscure. Here was the roysterous spirit of the Northland at full play, it irked the young man intensely to feel that he could afford no part in it.

Laure was not long in discovering him. She sped to him with the swiftness of a swallow; breathlessly she inquired: "Where have you been so long? Why didn't you let me know you were back?"

"I just got in. I've been everywhere." He smiled down at her, and she clutched the lapel of his coat, then drew him out of the crowd. "I dropped in to see how you were getting along."

"Well, what do you think of the place?"

"Why, it looks as if you'd all get rich, in a night."

"And you? Have you done any good for yourself?"

Pierce shook his head; in a few words he recounted his goings and his comings, his efforts and his failures. Laure followed the recital with swift, bird-like nods of understanding, her dark eyes were warm with sympathy.

"You're going at it the wrong way," she asserted when he had finished. "You have brains, make them work. Look at Best, look at Miller, his new partner; they know better than to mine. Mining is a fool's game. Play a sure thing, Pierce. Stay here in town and live like a human being; here's where the money will be made."

"Do you think I *want* to go flying over hill and dale, like a tumble weed? I haven't had warm feet in a week, and I weep salt tears when I see a bed. But I'm no Croesus; I've got to hustle. I think I've landed something finally." He told of Tom and Jerry's offer, but failed to impress his listener.

"If you go out to Hunker Creek I'll scarcely ever see you," said she. "That's the first objection. I've nearly died these last three weeks. But there are other objections. You couldn't get along with those old men; why, they can't get along with each other. Then there's Joe McCaskey to think of. Why run into trouble?"

"I've thought of all that. But Big Lars is on the crest of his wave; he has the Midas touch, everything he lays his hands on turns to gold. He believes in Hunker——"

"I'll find out if he does," Laure said quickly. "He's drinking; he'll tell me anything. Wait!" With a flashing smile she was off.

She returned with an air of triumph. "You'll learn to listen to me," she declared. "He says Hunker is low grade. That's why he let lays on it instead of working it himself. Lars is a fox."

"He said that?"

"The best there is in it is wages. Those were his very words. Would you put up with Linton and Quirk and the two McCaskeys for wages? Of course not. I've something better fixed up for you." Without explaining she led Pierce to the bar where Morris Best was standing.

Best was genuinely glad to see his former employee; he warmly shook Pierce's hand.

"I've got 'em going, haven't I?" he chuckled.

Laure broke out imperiously. "Loosen up, Morris, and let's all have a drink on the house. You can afford it."

"Sure!" With a happy grin the proprietor ordered a quart bottle of wine. "I can afford more than that for a friend. We put it over, didn't we, Kid?" He linked arms with Pierce, and leaned upon him. "Oy! Such trouble we had with these girls, eh? But we got 'em here, and now I got Dawson going. I'll be one of these Rockefeller magnets, believe me."

Pierce had not tasted liquor since his last farewell to Laure. Three weeks of hard work in the open air had effected a chemical change in his make-up, a purification of his tissues, and as a result Best's liquor mounted quickly to his head and warmed his blood. When he had emptied his glass, Laure saw that it was promptly refilled.

"So you've cut out the stampeding," Morris continued. "Good! You've got sense. Let the rough-necks do it. This here Front Street is the best pay streak in the Klondike, and it won't pinch out. Why? Because every miner empties his poke into it." The speaker nodded, and leaned more intimately against Phillips. "They bring in their Bonanza dust and their Eldorado nuggets and salt our sluices. That's the system. It's simpler as falling down a log. What?"

"Come to the good news," Laure urged.

"This little woman hates you, don't she?" Best winked. "Just likes she hates her right eye. You got her going, Kid. Well, you can start work tomorrow."

"Start work? Where——?" Pierce was bewildered.

"Miller's looking for a gold weigher. We'll put you out in the saloon proper."

"Saloon proper?" Pierce shook his head in good-natured refusal. "I dare say it's the fault of my bringing up, but—I don't think there's any such thing. I'm an outdoor person. I'm one of the rough-necks who salts your sluice boxes. I think I'd better stick to the hills. It's mighty nice of you, though, and I'm much obliged."

"Are you going to take that other offer?" Laure inquired. When Pierce

hesitated she laid hold of his other arm "I won't let you go," she cried. "I want you here——"

"Nonsense!" he protested. "I can't do anything for you. I have nothing——"

"Have I ever asked you for anything?" she blazed at him. "I can take care of myself, but—I want you. I shan't let you go."

"Better think it over," Best declared. "We need a good man."

"Yes," Laure clung to Pierce's hand. "Don't be in a hurry. Anyhow stay and dance with me while we talk about it. We've never had a dance together. Please?"

The proprietor of the theatre was in a genial mood. "Stick around," he seconded. "Your credit is good, and it won't worry me none if you never take up your tabs. Laure has got the right idea; play 'em safe and sure, and let the other feller do the work. Now we'll have another bottle."

The three of them were still standing at the bar when the curtain fell on the last vaudeville act, and the audience swarmed out into the gambling room or the main saloon. Hastily, noisily, the chairs were removed from the dance floor, then the orchestra began a spirited two-step and a raucous-voiced caller broke into loud exhortations. In a twinkling the room had refilled, this time with whirling couples.

Laure raised her arms, she swayed forward into Pierce's embrace, and they melted into the throng. The girl could dance; she seemed to float in cadence with the music, she became one with her partner and answered his every impulse. Never before had she seemed so utterly and so completely to embody the spirit of pleasure; she was ardent, alive, she pulsed with enjoyment, her breath was warm, her dark, fragrant hair brushed Phillips' cheek; her olive face was slightly flushed and her eyes, uplifted to his, were glowing. They voiced adoration, abandon, surrender.

The music ended with a crash; a shout, a storm of applause followed, then the dancers swarmed to the bar, bearing Pierce and his companion with them. Laure was panting, she clung fiercely, jealously to Phillips' arm.

"Dance with me again. Again! I never knew what it was——" She trembled with a vibrant ecstasy.

Drinks were set before them. The girl spurned hers but absent-mindedly pocketed the paste-board check that went with it. While yet Pierce's throat was warm from the spirits there began the opening measures of a langorous waltz, and the crowd swept into motion again. There was no refusing the invitation of that music.

Later in the evening Phillips found Tom and Jerry; his colour was deeper than usual, his eyes were unnaturally bright.

"I'm obliged to you," he told them, "But I've taken a job as weigher with Miller and Best. Good luck, and—I hope you strike it rich."

When he had gone, Tom shook his head. His face was clouded with regret, and, too, with a vague expression of surprise.

"Too bad," said he. "I didn't think he was that kind."

"Sure!" Jerry agreed. "I thought he'd make good."

CHAPTER XXV.

MORRIS BEST'S new partner was a square gambler, so-called. People there were who sneered at this description, and considered it a contradiction as absurd as a square circle or an elliptical cube. An elementary knowledge of the principles of geometry, and of the retail liquor business, proved the non-existence of such a thing as a straight crook, so they maintained. But be that as it may, Ben Miller certainly differed from the usual run of sporting men, and he professed peculiar ideas regarding the conduct of his trade. Those ideas were almost Puritanical in their nature. Proprietorship of recreation centres similar to the Rialto had bred in Mr. Miller a profound distrust of women as a sex, and of his own ability successfully to deal with them; in consequence, he refused to tolerate their presence in his immediate vicinity. That they were valuable, nay, necessary, ingredients in the success of an enterprise such as the present one he well knew—Miller was above all a business man—but in making his deal with Best he had insisted positively that none of the latter's song-birds was ever to enter the front saloon. That room, Miller maintained, was to be his own, and he proposed to exercise dominion over it.

As for the gambling hall, that of necessity was neutral territory, and he reluctantly consented to permit the girls to patronise it so long as they behaved themselves. For his part he yielded all responsibility over the theatre, and what went on therein, to Best. He agreed never to enter it.

This division of power worked admirably, and Miller's prohibitions were scrupulously observed. He was angered, therefore, when, one morning, his rule was broken. At the moment he was engaged in weighing, checking up and sacking his previous night's receipts; he looked up with a frown when a woman's—a girl's—voice interrupted him.

"Are you Ben Miller?" the trespasser inquired.

Miller nodded sharply. He could be colder than a frog when he chose.

"I'm looking for work," explained the visitor.

"You got the wrong door," he told her. "You want the dance-hall. We don't allow women in here."

"So I understand."

Miller's frown deepened. "Well, then beat it. Saloons are masculine gender, and——"

"I'm not a dance-hall girl, I'm a dealer," the other broke in.

"You're a—*what*?" Ben's jaw dropped, he stared curiously at the speaker. She was pretty, very pretty, in a still, dignified way; she had a fine, intelligent face, and she possessed a poise, a carriage that challenged attention.

"A dealer? What the deuce can you deal?" he managed to ask.

"Anything; the bank, the wheel, the tub, the cage——"

Disapproval returned to the man's countenance, there was an admonitory sternness to his voice when he said: "It ain't very nice to see a kid like you in a place like this. I don't know where you learned that wise talk, but—cut it out. Go home and behave yourself, sister. If you're broke, I'll stake you; so'll anybody, for that matter."

His visitor stirred impatiently. "Let's stick to business. I don't want a loan. I'm a dealer, and I want work."

Morris Best hustled out of the adjoining room at the moment, and, noting a feminine figure in this forbidden territory, he exclaimed:—

"Hey, miss! Theatre's in the rear."

Miller summoned him with a backward jerk of his head. "Morris, this kid's looking for a job—as dealer," said he.

"Dealer?" Best halted abruptly. "That's funny."

"What is funny about it?" demanded the girl. "My father was a gambler. I'm Rouletta Kirby."

"Are you Sam Kirby's girl?" Miller inquired. When Rouletta nodded, he removed his hat, then he extended his hand. "Shake," said he. "Now I've got you. You've had a hard time, haven't you? We heard about Sam, and we thought you was dead. Step in here and set down." He motioned to the tiny little office which was curtained off from general view.

Rouletta declined with a smile. "I really want work as a dealer. That's the only thing I can do well. I came here first because you have a good reputation."

"Hell!" exploded the former speaker. "Kirby's kid don't have to deal nothing. She's good for any kind of a stake, on his name."

"Dad would be glad to hear that. He was a—great man. He ran straight." Rouletta's eyes had become misty at Miller's indirect tribute to her father, nevertheless she summoned a smile, and went on: "He never borrowed and neither will I. If you can't put me to work I'll try somewhere else."

"How did you get down from White Horse?" Miller inquired curiously.

"Poleon Doret brought me."

"I know Doret. He's aces."

"Can you really deal?" Best broke in.

"Come. I'll prove that I can." Rouletta started for the gambling room, and the two men followed. Best spoke to his partner in a low voice:—

"Say, Ben, if she can make a half-way bluff at it she'll be a big card. Think of the play she'll get."

But Miller was dubious. "She's nothing but a kid," he protested. "A dealer has got to have experience, and besides she ain't the kind that belongs in a dump. Somebody'd get fresh and—I'd have to bust him."

There was little activity around the tables at this hour of the day; the occupants of the gambling room were, for the most part, house employees, who were waiting for business to begin. The

majority of these employees were gathered about the faro layout where the cards were being run in a perfunctory manner to an accompaniment of gossip and reminiscence. The sight of Ben Miller in company with a girl evoked some wonder. This wonder increased to amazement when Miller ordered the dealer out of his seat; it became open-mouthed when the girl took his place, then broke a new deck of cards, deftly shuffled them, and slipped them into the box. At this procedure the languid look-out, who had been comfortably resting upon his spine, uncurled his legs, hoisted himself into an attitude of attention and leaned forward, with a startled expression upon his face.

The gamblers crowded closer, exchanging expectant glances; Ben Miller and Morris Best helped themselves to chips and began to play. These were queer doings, the case-hardened on-lookers prepared to enjoy a mildly entertaining treat. Soon grins began to appear; the men murmured, they nudged each other, they slapped each other on the back, for what they saw astonished and delighted them. The girl dealt swiftly, surely, she handled the paraphernalia of the faro table with the careless familiarity of long practice, but stranger still, she maintained a poise, a certain reserve and feminine dignity which was totally incongruous.

When, during a pause, she absent-mindedly shuffled a stack of chips, the Mocha Kid permitted his feelings to get the better of him.

"Hang me for a horse thief!" he snickered. "Will you look at that?" Now the Mocha Kid was a ribald character, profanity was a part of him and blasphemy embellished his casual speech. The mildness of his exclamation showed that he was deeply moved. He continued in the same admiring undertone: "I seen a dame once that could deal a bank, but she couldn't pay and take. This gal can size up a stack with her eyes shut!"

Nothing could have more deeply intrigued the attention of these men than the sight of a modest, quiet, well-behaved young woman exhibiting all the technique of a finished faro-dealer. It was contrary to their experience, to their ideas of fitness. Mastery of the gaming table requires years of practice to acquire, and not one of these professionals

but was as proud of his own dexterity as a fine pianist; to behold a mere girl possessed of all the knacks and tricks and mannerisms of the craft excited their keenest risibilities. In order the more thoroughly to test her skill several of them bought stacks of chips and began to play in earnest; they played their bets open, they coppered, they split, they strung them, and at the finish they called the turn. Roulette paid and took, she measured stacks of counters with unerring facility, she overlooked no bets. She ran out the cards, upset the box and began to reshuffle the cards.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" declared the look-out. He doubled up in breathless merriment, he rocked back and forth in his chair, he stamped his feet. A shout of laughter issued from the others.

Ben Miller closed the cases with a crash. "You'll do," he announced, "If there's anything you don't know, I can't teach it to you." Then, to the bystanders he said: "This is Sam Kirby's girl. She wants work, and if I thought you coyotes knew how to treat a lady, I'd put her on."

"Say!" The Mocha Kid scowled darkly at his employer. "What kinda guys do you take us for? What makes you think we don't know——"

He was interrupted by an angry outburst, by a chorus of resentful protests, the indignant tone of which seemed to satisfy Miller. The latter shrugged his shoulders and rose. Roulette stirred as if to follow suit, but eager hands stayed her, eager voices urged her to remain.

"Run 'em again, miss," begged Tommy Ryan, the roulette dealer. Mr. Ryan was a pale-faced person, whose addiction to harmful drugs was notorious; his extreme pallor and his nervous lack of repose had gained for him the title of "Snow-bird." Tommy's hollow eyes were glowing, his colourless lips were parted in an engaging smile. "Please run 'em once more. I ain't had so much fun since my wife eloped with a drummer in El Paso."

Roulette agreed readily enough, and her admiring audience crowded closer. Their interest was magnetic, their absorption and their amusement was communicated to some newcomers who had dropped in. Before the girl had dealt half the cards these bona-fide customers had found seats around the table, and were likewise playing. They, too, en-

joyed the novel experience, and the vehemence with which they insisted that Rouletta retain her office proved beyond question the success of Miller's experiment.

It was not yet midday, nevertheless the news quickly spread that a girl was dealing bank at the Rialto, and soon other curious visitors arrived. Among them was Big Lars Anderson. Lars did not often gamble, but when he did he made a considerable business of it, and the sporting fraternity took him seriously. Anything in the nature of an innovation tickled the big magnate immensely, and to evidence his interest in this one he purchased a stack of chips. Ere long he had lost several hundred dollars. He sent for Miller finally, and made a good-natured complaint that the game was too slow for him.

"Shall I raise the limit?" the proprietor asked of Rouletta.

The girl shrugged indifferently, whereupon the Mocha Kid and the Snow-bird embraced each other and exchanged admiring profanities in smothered tones.

Big Lars stubbornly backed his luck, but the bank continued to win, and meanwhile new arrivals dropped in. Two, three hours the play went on, by which time all Dawson knew that a big game was running, and that a girl was in the dealer's chair. Few of the visitors got close enough to verify the intelligence without receiving a sotto voce warning that rough talk was taboo—Miller's ungodly clan saw to that—and on the whole the warning was respected. Only once was it disregarded, then a heavy loser breathed a thoughtless oath. Disapproval was marked, punishment was condign: the look-out leisurely descended from his eyrie and floored the offender with a blow from his fist.

When the resulting disturbance had quieted down, the defender of decorum announced with inflexible firmness but with a total lack of heat:

"Gents, this is a sort of gospel game, and it's got a certain tone which we're going to maintain. The limit is off, except on cussing, but it's mighty low on that. Them of you that are indisposed to swallow your cud of regrets will have it knocked out of you."

"Good!" shouted Big Lars. He pounded the table with the flat of his huge palm. "By Jingó, I'll make that

unanimous. If anybody has to cuss let him take ten paces to the rear and cuss the stove."

It was well along in the afternoon when Rouletta Kirby pushed back her chair and rose. She was very white, she passed an uncertain hand over her face, then groped blindly at the table for support. At these signs of distress a chorus of alarm arose.

"It's nothing," she smiled. "I'm just—hungry. I've been pretty ill, and I'm not very strong yet."

Lars Anderson was dumb-founded, appalled. "Hungry? My God!" To his companions he shouted, "D'you hear that, boys? She's starved out."

The boys had heard; already they had begun to scramble. Some ran for the lunch counter in the adjoining room, others dashed out to the nearest restaurants. The Snow-bird so far forgot his responsibilities as to abandon the roulette wheel and leave its bank-roll unguarded while he scurried to the bar and demanded a drink, a tray of assorted drinks, fit for a fainting lady. He came flying back, yelling "Gang-way!" and, scattering the crowd ahead of him, he offered brandy, whisky, creme de menthe, hootch, absinthe and bitters to Rouletta, all of which she declined. He was still arguing the medicinal value of these beverages when the swinging doors from the street burst open and in rushed the Mocha Kid, a pie in each hand. Other eatables and drinkables appeared as by magic, the fare table was soon spread with the fruits of a half-dozen hasty and hysterical forays.

Rouletta stared at the apprehensive faces about her, and what she read therein caused her lips to quiver and her voice to break when she tried to express her thanks.

"Gosh! Don't cry!" begged the Mocha Kid. With a counterfeit assumption of juvenile hilarity he exclaimed: "Oh, look at the pretty pies! They got little Christmas trees on their lids, ain't they? Um-yum! Rich and juicy. I stuck up the baker and stole his whole stock, but I slipped and spilled 'em F.O.B.—flat on the broad-walk."

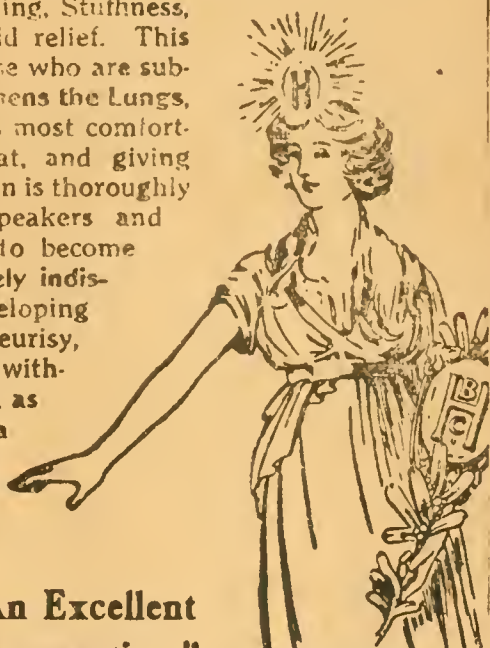
Rouletta laughed. "Let's end the game and all have lunch," she suggested, and her invitation was accepted.

(To be continued in our next number—
August 10, 1918.)

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FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

In April last the British Government suggested to Spain the opening of a credit of £10,000,000 sterling, with a view to regulating the exchange.

The French wheat crop is expected to yield 27,500,000 quarters this year, the total comparing with 17,000,000 quarters in 1917, and 43,000,000 quarters in 1914.

The gold yield of the Commonwealth during the first six months of the current year was valued at, approximately, £2,728,000, as against a yield worth £3,086,000 during the corresponding term last year.

More than 110,000 tons of plates were turned out in a single week in April in the United States, and it was anticipated that if the rate were maintained the plants would have caught up on shipyard deliveries early in May.

The quantity of tea imported by Australia from India during the 12 months ended March 31st last totalled 9,920,214 lb. In the previous year (1916-17) the total was only 4,617,810 lb., and in 1915-16 9,155,025 lb.

It is reported in shipping journals that all United States ship-yards have been instructed to refuse all foreign contracts for post-bellum construction, the shipping board intending by this means to frustrate German plans to utilise the ship-building facilities of America.

The amount of silver dollars held in the United States Treasury, which the Secretary is authorised to turn into bullion, and use in settlement of trade balances against the United States, has been raised from 250,000,000 dollars to 350,000,000 dollars, the silver certificates to be retired being increased to a similar sum.

In consequence of the award recently made by the Committee of Production granting to dock labourers an additional war advance of 2d. per hour, the Port of London authority recommended the

Board of Trade to sanction a further increase of 15 per cent. in the dues, rates and charges on vessels and goods using their docks and warehouse undertakings. This represents an increase of about 65 per cent. over the pre-war tariffs.

Spanish ship-owners have decided to oppose the requisition of their steamers by the Government, and have offered their services voluntarily on terms to be agreed. They suggest that a list of essential imports and exports should be drawn up, and steamers assigned for their carriage, and that a tariff of freight, with a limit to their excessive rise, should be also agreed on so that business will not be paralysed.

The British Government had up to March 31st last provided funds to meet coupons payable in London on the direct State debt of Russia, and on securities having the State guarantee of that country. The Government has taken that course prior to the date mentioned, though under no obligation to do so, but in view of the present conditions in Russia, it could no longer continue that course. The Chancellor of the Exchequer therefore gave notice that, as from April 1st last, holders of the securities above specified must no longer look to the British Treasury for the provision of funds to meet interest due to them from Russia.

Dealing with Russia's debt service, the following decree was issued by the British and French Governments: "The Imperial Russian Government, when it entered into obligations, was without doubt the representative of Russia, and definitely pledged that country, and this undertaking cannot be repudiated by the authorities, whatever they may be, which hold or may hold power in Russia without the very foundations of international law being shaken. Otherwise there would no longer be any security in the relations between States, and it would become impossible to enter into any obligation for a long period if this obligation could be questioned. This would

entail the ruin of the credit of States politically as well as financially. . . . No principle is better established than that by which a nation is responsible for the acts of its Government, and no change in the Government can affect the obligations previously incurred. . . . The obligations of Russia continue. . . ."

The total gold production of the world for 1917 is estimated by the *London Statist* at about £88,000,000, or, roughly, £6,500,000 less than in 1916, and a decline of as much as £8,400,000, or nearly nine per cent. compared with 1915. Of the decline in the output shown for 1917, the United States was responsible for £1,668,400, the Transvaal for £1,161,000, Canada for £778,000, Australia for £900,000, and Russia for an estimated reduction of £1,500,000. War conditions resulting in scarcity of skilled labour, dearness of and difficulty in obtaining necessary machinery parts and materials are undoubtedly responsible for a large part of the decline in

production. So long as the war lasts, *The Statist* is of opinion that conditions detrimentally affecting mining operations will become more and more adverse.

A Reuter's message from Tokyo (Japan) is responsible for the information that by the agreement which has been concluded between Japan and the United States, Japan gives America 450,000 tons of shipping, of which 150,000 tons will be immediately supplied without any consideration except at the Allies' charter rates, the Japanese Government making up the difference between these rates and the Far Eastern rate. This will involve an expenditure of 18,000,000 yen (£1,800,000). Another 100,000 tons of new ships will be delivered between May and December, one ton of steel being exchanged for each ton of shipping. The remaining 200,000 tons will be delivered later, as built, upon terms which are mutually regarded as most satisfactory.

MORE ABOUT PELMAN METHODS.

In our last issue we printed extracts from an informative article by Sir James Yoxall, M.P., on Pelman methods. The original appeared in *The Fortnightly Review*. In our issue prior to that one we published an article, entitled "Brains in London and in Australasia," which referred particularly to the work done by the Pelman School in London and in Australia and New Zealand. We understand that the Australasian Branch has reprinted this article, and that copies can be had free on application to the Secretary. The Pelman School at 23 Gloucester House, 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

In this article reference was made to the number of Imperial Navy and Army men who were going through the Pelman Course of Training, and the number given was fifteen thousand officers and men. Later advices show that since then the number has increased, and writing in *The English Review* on "The Biography of an Idea," Mr. Edward Anton enlarges on the fact that nearly twenty-five thousand officers and men in both Services are now pupils of the Pelman

School, the list being headed by eighty-three admirals and generals.

The number is not as surprising as may at first sight appear. The qualities in character and in brain which the Pelman Course develops in the pupil count just as much, if not more, in the circumstances of war as they do in normal civilian life, and we may here profitably enumerate some of the matters dealt with in the Pelman Training. These include memory, concentration, the interrelation of thought, feeling and action in every-day life, the conservation of energy, the uplifting quality of courage, analysis of character, the creation of interest, the cultivation of the senses, ideation, prompt decision and numerous other matters of importance to those who want to know more about the workings of the mind, and to make full use of their inherent energies and capabilities. Full and exact information is given in a book, "Mind and Memory Training," issued by the Pelman School. Those interested should write to The Secretary, The Pelman School, 23 Gloucester House, 396 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

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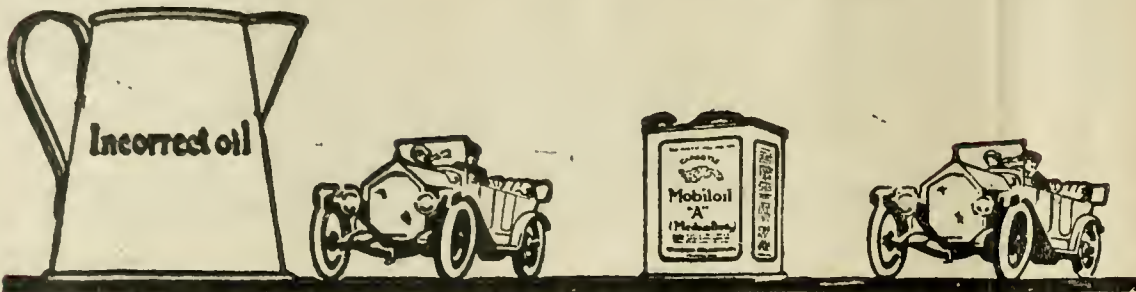
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Model of Car	A	BB	E
Abbot Detroit.....	A		A
Ariel.....	A		A
Aquila.....	A		A
Arrol-Johnson.....	A		A
Austin.....	A		A
Belaize.....	A		A
Berliet.....	BB		A
Brush.....	A		E
B.S.A.....	A		A
Buick.....	A		A
Cadillac.....	A		A
Chalmers.....	A		A
Chandler.....	A		A
Chevrolet.....	A		A
Clement Bayard.....	A		E
Columbia.....	E		E
Daimler.....	BB		A
Darracq.....	A		A
De Dion Bouton.....	BB		A
Detroit.....	A		A
Dennis.....	A		A
Dodge.....	A		A
Dort.....	A		A
Empire.....	A		A
Enfield.....	A		A
Excelsior.....	A		A
Fahner.....	E		BB
F.I.A.T.....	BB		BB
F.N.....	BB		A
Ford.....	E		A
Grant.....	A		A
Haynes.....	A		A
Hispano-Suiza.....	A		A
Horch.....	A		A
Hudson Super Six.....	A		A
Humber.....	BB		A
Hupmobile.....	A		A
Imperia.....	BB		A
Itala.....	A		A
Jeffrey.....	A		A
Jackson.....	A		A
Kelly-Springfield.....	A		E
Locomobile.....	E		E
Lancia.....	B		A
Maxwell.....	A		A
Mercedes.....	A		A
Metallurgique.....	BB		A
Mez.....	A		A
Minerva.....	A		A
Mitchell.....	A		A
Napier.....	A		A
National.....	A		A
Oakland.....	A		A
Oldsmobile.....	A		A
Overland.....	A		A
Packard.....	A		A
Paige.....	A		A
Pierce Arrow.....	A		A
Peugeot.....	BB		A
Rambler.....	A		A
Renault.....	A		A
Reo.....	A		A
Rolls Royce.....	A		A
Rover.....	A		A
Russell.....	A		A
Saxon.....	E		E
Studebaker.....	A		A
Swift.....	A		A
Stutz.....	A		A
Vauxhall.....	BB		A
White (Commercial).....	A		A
Winton.....	A		A
Wolsley.....	A		A